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EDWY AND EDILDA,

A TALE,

IN FIVE PARTS.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS SEDGWICK WHALLEY,

AUTHOR OF

“A POEM ON MONT BLANC,”

&c. &c. &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH SIX FINE ENGRAVINGS,

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

BY A YOUNG LADY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CHAPMAN, FLEET STREET; W. RICHARDSON, ROYAL
EXCHANGE; AND R. FAULDER, BOND STREET.

1794.

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TO

LADY LANGHAM.

DEAR MADAM,

AS the wishes of those I esteem and love have the power of commands, this new Edition of the following Poem is published solely at your desire. I should have been delighted to have rendered it, by any emendations, worthier of the Engravings which now embellish it, from the hand of early genius, too early chilled by the hand of death. May the Sisters in *merit* as well as *blood* of the charming and amiable daughter you have so

DEDICATION.

long and so deeply lamented, resemble her in every thing but (what fond and short-sighted mortals are too apt to call) an *untimely* fate! Then they cannot fail to reflect back your own virtues, and to prove the ornament of your life, and the reward of all your tendernefs and cares.

You know how sincerely this, and every good wish towards you, flows from the heart of

Your Ladyship's

Faithful and affectionate Friend and Servant,

MAY 1, 1794.

Thomas Sedgwick Whalley.

EDWY AND EDILDA:

A TALE.

PART I.

WHEN *Egbert* England's sceptre sway'd,
For pow'r and arms renown'd,
Brave *Galvan* liv'd; whose deeds of youth
By peaceful age were crown'd.

Full many a year his feet had trod
The roughest paths of war;
And in his master's cause he earn'd
Full many an honour'd scar:

But deeds of hardiment at length
Give place to silver hairs;
And feeble age, unlocking strength,
His future service spares.

Deep in the bosom of a vale,
By Severn's rolling flood,
The hoary Warrior's native tow'rs
With ample honours stood.

Thither from camps and courts retir'd,
The aged Baron spent
His days, in long-forgotten peace,
And long-unknown content !

His hospitable hall was still
With largest bounty crown'd ;
And many a health, and many a tale,
His festive board went round.

But still the healths to England's weal
Most copiously flow'd ;
And lengthen'd tales, of former wars,
The patriot Warrior show'd.

And as the fame of *Egbert's* arms,
And tale of Britain's good,
Dwelt on the generous *Galvan's* tongue,
And warm'd his aged blood ;

Unwonted flushes o'er his face
Would animating break ;
And in his eyes unwonted fires
The ardent heart would speak.

Nor did his cheek unuseful glow,
Nor tongue descant in vain ;
Since list'ning youth his ardour caught,
And fired at his strain.

Thus *Galvan* liv'd, by grey hairs laid
Upon the lap of ease,
Honour and love, on every side,
Augmenting still his peace.

Nor these alone conspir'd to gild
The evening of his days ;
Nor did his heart alone dilate
With foreign love, and praise ;

A nearer, dearer, home-bred joy,
That heart more nearly charms ;
And in a darling Daughter's form,
His breast more genial warms.

Of many children, she alone
To bless his years remain'd ;
Who, from her mother long deceas'd,
Edilda had been nam'd.

Upon her cheek the virgin rose
Had spent its softest bloom ;
And from her coral lips did shed
Its exquisite perfume.

Her hair in graceful ringlets flow'd,
Than silk more glossy far ;
And either beaming eye outshone
The radiant morning star.

Yet fires through their fringes still
As soft, as piercing went ;
And every sparkling glance appear'd
With sweetest languors blent.

Her shape, her hair, her voice, her mien,
What eloquence can tell ?
What pen describe the countless charms
That round her lov'd to dwell ?

But not to outward charms alone
Her merits were confin'd ;
More weak were language to express
The beauties of her mind !

Within her soul each generous thought,
Each noble transport glow'd ;
And beaming from her speaking eye,
To all confess'd they stood.

Yet still the softness of her sex
Most strikingly prevail'd ;
And from that softness, she was first
The sweet *Edilda* hail'd !

Ah dangerous sweetness ! which no force,
No wisdom could withstand :
Ah dangerous softness ! that with love
Would still go hand in hand.

For who that own'd a noble heart,
Or could by charms be won,
But soon confess'd *Edilda's* pow'r,
And bow'd before her throne ?

Not *Galvan's* worth, nor *Galvan's* sway,
Alone had fill'd his hall ;
Far more the sweet *Edilda's* charms,
To glad obeisance, call.

And while the daughter's beauties bloom'd
So lovely to the sight,
What wonder if the father's tale
Afforded strange delight !

What wonder? where the purple blood
In noontide currents flow'd,
And where desire of generous deeds
In every bosom glow'd.

For every youth that list'ning sat
At *Galvan's* plenteous board,
The goodly heir of noble blood,
With lofty thoughts was stor'd.

With lofty thoughts they all were stor'd;
But one of all around,
Without a claim to noble blood,
Was unassuming found:

Edwy the graceful youth was call'd;
The ancient *Hilda's* son
By *Ongar*; who his mortal course
Long since in war had run.

An humble dwelling *Hilda* own'd;
And but a scanty flock;
Which *Edwy* us'd to watch all day,
From off a neighb'ring rock:

There resting, with his pipe and book,
Beneath a spreading tree,
Full many a ditty he would play;
And oft would poring be

Upon full many a copious tale
Of war and warriors dread;
While winged hours unminded flew
Above his youthful head:

A learned friar lov'd him well,
For native wit and worth ;
And to that learned friar, I ween,
His knowledge ow'd its birth.

From him, or other wight, 't is plain
His learning he must catch ;
Since *Hilda's* fortunes, but for this,
Had plac'd it past his reach.

But that though now beyond our ken,
Yet this is handed down ;
That youthful *Edwy*, in those days,
A scholar rare was known.

A noted minstrel too he was ;
And when his pipe did sound,
The neighb'ring villages, to hear,
Would quickly gather round :

The villagers would gather round,
Till many a village fair,
Allur'd by *Edwy's* pipe or face,
Made *Edwy* all her care !

Yet, though compos'd of softest mould
His nature seem'd to be ;
And open'd at the tender touch
Of sensibility ;

To love's soft pains his gentle heart
Averse did still appear ;
Averse, or cold, to all the charms
Of ev'ry village fair !

For something in his manners mild
Above his peers was seen ;
And in his soul a diff'rence yet
Far greater was, I ween.

It happen'd on a summer's morn,
While on his fav'rite rock,
Beneath the beeches bow'ring shade
He sat, and watch'd his flock ;

That *Galvan*, fever'd from his train
In hunting, careless stray'd
Where *Edwy* on his mellow pipe
Melodiously play'd.

Charm'd with the sweet unwonted sounds,
That sudden caught his ear,
With cautious steps behind the rock,
He stole, unseen, to hear.

And while, with many a cadence clear,
The youth pursu'd his strain ;
And many a wild note, soft and full,
Resounded through the plain ;

Behold, a fierce and famish'd wolf
Rush'd from a thicket by,
And on the hoary warrior's throat
Flew, with a dreadful cry !

Unarm'd, unwarn'd against his foe,
And weak through feeble age ;
All hopeless with the rav'nous wolf
Could *Galvan* battle wage ?

Young *Edwy*, startled at the din,
Th' unequal contest view'd ;
Not long his gen'rous gallant soul
Deliberating stood.

Beardless, defenceless as he was,
Unknown to deeds of war ;
He quickly shew'd what native worth
And bravery could dare.

From struggling *Galvan's* panting breast,
Besmear'd with foam and gore,
The beast he forc'd ; and with a crash
His jaws asunder tore.

Beneath th' astonish'd hero's feet
The wolf expiring lay,
Which threaten'd, but a moment past,
To rend his life away.

Before his eyes, with graceful air,
The blooming *Edwy* stood ;
Who kindly cheer'd his haras'd soul,
And kindly staunch'd his blood.

Yet, little ween'd he for whose sake
Such danger he had brav'd ;
But little ween'd how great a life
His daring hand had sav'd.

For though the ancient Noble's fame
Had often reach'd his ear ;
Yet too obscure his station was,
Before him to appear :

For *Edwy's* gentle musing mind
Retirement lov'd full well ;
And rarely with his compeers round
His steps were seen to dwell :

Nor if perchance the Noble's horns
Awak'd the neighb'ring wood,
Would he, to view the splendid train,
With them his steps obtrude.

Yet not from fullenness, or pride,
Sprung his sequester'd life ;
And less his temper sweet would find
Occasion bad for strife.

But form'd in melancholy's mould,
Beneath the green-wood shade,
Unheard, unseen, he joy'd to be
In meditation laid :

Yet counsel kind, and ready help,
To ev'ry neighbour swain,
Who still so ready was as he,
To lend, upon the plain ?

And much his lore they all admir'd,
And much his goodness lov'd ;
And knew and priz'd that courage which
For *Galvan* he had prov'd.

Him to his humble dwelling oft
He kindly press'd to wend ;
And offer'd his supporting arm,
His footsteps to attend.

And oft he fear'd the rav'ning wolf
Had made a deadly wound ;
And oft his linen he would rend,
And wrap his throat around.

“ Who, and what art thou ?” *Galvan* cried ;
“ Relate thy birth and name,
“ Whose valour foremost ought to stand
“ Upon the list of fame.

“ Whoever, and whate'er, thou art,
“ An heart thou hast full brave ;
“ And a stout arm, which thou hast stretch'd
“ Right well, my life to save.

“ Nor think a life of little worth
“ Hath been preserv'd by thee :
“ Nor think that *Galvan* for the boon
“ Ungrateful e'er will be.”

At *Galvan's* name a rosy blush
Suffus'd young *Edwy's* cheek ;
And downcast eyes, and lifted hands,
Surprise and rev'rence speak.

With modest air he answers mild :
“ Old *Hilda's* son I am,
“ Thy vassal, virtuous, though poor,
“ And *Edwy* is my name.”

“ That thou art virtuous, gen'rous, brave,”
The Noble quick reply'd,
“ Hath in thy conduct, gallant youth,
“ This day been amply try'd.

- “ Nor vassal thou, nor shepherd swain,
“ A future hour shall see ;
“ My lov'd companion, and my friend,
“ Henceforward ever be :
“ And sure a firmer, worthier friend,
“ No man can ever have ;
“ Since all unarm'd, thy life was risk'd,
“ A stranger's life to save.”
“ Detested were the abject hand !”
(The shepherd warmly cry'd,)
“ That to relieve such deep distress
“ Its prowess had not try'd ;
“ And ever blessed be the day,
“ When in such lucky strife,
“ This weak, and far unworthy arm,
“ Sav'd noble *Galvan*'s life !”

But now the ancient warrior's train
Appearing, gather'd round,
With great amazement at the plight
In which their lord was found.

And much their eyes young *Edwy* scan'd,
And much they gaz'd to see
Galvan to such a lowly swain
Bewray such courtesy :

For good as noble *Galvan* was,
And gen'rous as his mind ;
Yet something unto lofty pride
His temper was inclin'd.

Now loud he vaunts of *Edwy's* deeds ;
And on his grateful tongue,
Unnumber'd praises of the youth,
Unnumber'd blessings hung !

And as he clos'd his copious tale,
" Behold the man," he cry'd,
" Who still most honour'd shall appear,
" Most lov'd, at *Galvan's* side !

" And as you value *Galvan's* love,
" Or rev'rence *Galvan's* power ;
" As you your wishes best would prove,
" To bless his waning hour ;

" Let gallant *Edwy*, like himself,
" Your love, your service share ;
" And for his pleasure and content,
" Nor pains, nor duty spare :

" Nor aged *Hilda* shall lament
" The absence of her son ;
" Since many an added flock and herd
" Her fertile fields shall own :

" Those fields and flocks be *Galvan's* gift ;
" And oft her aged breast
" Shall joy to see her darling child
" By pow'r and wealth carefs'd."

Right onward now to *Galvan's* hall
The num'rous train did ride ;
And *Edwy* honour'd most of all,
Rode fast by *Galvan's* side :

By *Galvan's* side he gently rode ;
And as the courser fair,
With trappings gay, and carriage proud,
Seem'd as he trod the air ;

The blooming youth, though all amaz'd
At such unwonted state,
And though in homely garb attir'd,
Yet firm and graceful sat :

And such his fair demeanour was,
And such his comely mien,
That all esteem'd his garb alone
Unworthy such a scene.

At *Galvan's* palace straight arriv'd,
Full many a knight and peer,
Expectant of the lord's return,
They found assembled there.

To each in turn the Baron now
Presents the stranger swain ;
And while his merits rare he told,
Applause burst forth amain :

Applause burst forth, and echo'd round
The high and spacious hall ;
While (or to please their noble host,
Or warm'd at honour's call)

The courteous nobles gather'd round,
And ardent to their breast,
With semblance fair of truth and love,
The blushing *Edwy* press'd.

And much they prais'd his gallant heart,
And much his easy air ;
And wonder'd how a stock so base
Produc'd a fruit so fair !

Not weeting that a garment coarse,
A noble mind may hide ;
Nor in the cot, that virtue oft
Delighteth to abide !

Though rough as from its native bed,
The precious diamond's blaze,
'Midst high-wrought rubies' glowing fires,
Yet darts superior rays :

So Edwy 'midst the courtly sons
Of wealth and lofty birth
Appears ; and so eclipses all,
By native charms and worth :

Eclipses all that round him stand,
When, lo ! a brighter star,
Outshining every object else,
Doth suddenly appear :

For who that view'd the countless charms
In sweet *Edilda's* face,
Or who that view'd her lovely form,
Adorn'd with nameless grace,

But to that form and to that face,
Immediate homage paid ;
And found attention wholly bent
Upon the peerless maid ?

A flowing robe of azure dye,
With silver fringes grac'd,
A ruby girdle fasten'd round
Her finely-taper'd waist ;

Thence floating largely on the ground
In many a graceful wave,
Unto her port, if so could be,
More majesty it gave :

From one bar'd shoulder, falling loose,
Of alabaster hue,
A portion of her lovely neck
It offer'd to the view :

And yet, as envious of the boon,
The silver fringe arose,
Concealing half the kinder robe
Had promis'd to disclose.

O'er her soft hands meand'ring veins
Of brightest azure stray'd ;
And with the pure surrounding white,
A pleasing contrast made :

And where her gently-swelling arm,
So polish'd, firm, and fair,
Into the elbow moulded was
With symmetry most rare,

A ruby button, careless fix'd
Within a silver loop,
The sky-blue robe, in foldings fair,
Most seemly gather'd up.

Beneath the upper looser robe,
A snowy vest was seen ;
Yet whiter, softer, purer far,
The form it hid, I ween.

An azure buskin silver lac'd,
Her slender ankle clad ;
In sandals like her dainty feet
Did delicately tread.

Her auburn tresses deftly hung,
Part on her ivory neck,
And part in full waves flowing down
Her azure garment deck :

In gather'd knots a part appear'd,
By strings of pearl confin'd,
And many a soft and shining lock
Fair wreaths of lilies bind.

Her lips like opening rose-buds glow'd,
And in her speaking eye
A piercing brightness mix'd its rays
With sensibility.

Upon her brow high dignity,
Enthron'd with meekness fair,
Most graceful fat ; and truth and sense
Were sweetly blended there.

Yet something on her forehead fair,
Of dread, one might espy ;
And glist'ning tears did trembling stand,
In either anxious eye.

So do the shadows lovely hang
On some fair mountain's brow :
So do the sapphire's soften'd rays
Through clearest crystal show.

At her approach in every eye
Pleas'd admiration hung ;
And murmurs soft of joy and love
Flow'd copious from each tongue.

Through the divided ranks the while,
The sweet *Edilda* went
With trembling haste, and to her Sire
The duteous knee she bent.

And while the duteous knee she bent,
His hand she fondly press'd,
And with a thousand kisses sweet
His aged lips caress'd.

So round some ancient cedar doth
The fragrant jasmine twine ;
So clasps and decks some time-worn oak,
The perfum'd eglantine.

A something of that morning's chance
In rumours she had heard,
And therefore with disorder'd mien,
To learn the truth, appear'd.

But when upon her father's breast
The bloody marks she spy'd,
Her pulse decay'd, and on her cheek
Her wonted roses dy'd.

But soon to ease her lab'ring heart,
The pearly sorrows flow ;
And soon her tongue its speech regains,
To mitigate her woe :

“ Oh ! by what cruel chance,” she cry'd,
“ Do these sad marks appear ;
“ What deadly villany hath left
“ These bloody traces here ?

“ Quick to your dear *Edilda's* pray'r,
“ The dreaded truth reveal :
“ Nor hope, that from a love like her's
“ The worst you can conceal.”

Charm'd with her tender plaints and tears,
The Hero to his breast,
With added love, and added joy,
His beauteous Daughter press'd.

And much her troubled heart he sooths,
And much her sorrow cheers ;
And often from her melting eye
He kiss'd the falling tears.

“ O ! let my sweet *Edilda's* soul
“ Be comforted,” he cry'd,
“ And let those dear, those lovely eyes,
“ My darling child, be dry'd !

“ Nor dread these marks of brutal rage
“ That on my breast I bear !
“ Than all my numerous scars in war,
“ More lov'd, more honour'd far !

- “ Since these alone to *Galvan*’s foul
“ Made known the genuine birth
“ Of every generous sentiment
“ That e’er adorn’d the earth :
“ Made courage, known in tender youth,
“ Beyond what veterans dare ;
“ And with that courage, virtue, sense,
“ And modesty, most rare !
“ These high endowments turn and view
“ In lowly *Edwy*’s face ;
“ And let *Edilda* judge if now
“ Her Father flatter’d has :
“ Ev’n let my sweet *Edilda* judge ;
“ The while from me assur’d,
“ That *Edwy*’s graceful form is by
“ His merits rare obscur’d !
“ But for those virtues which these lips
“ So warmly, justly, praise,
“ Thy Father ere this hour had touch’d
“ The limit of his days.”

Scarce had the words escap’d his lips,
Or ever she did see
The blooming shepherd at her feet
Upon his bended knee.

His light-brown locks, in numerous curls,
Upon his shoulders hung ;
And round his neck his wonted scrip
And pipe were lightly slung.

A deepen'd colour warm'd his cheek,
And made his forehead fair,
And brilliant eyes, with brighter beams
And finer hue, appear.

Expression sweet, with spirit high,
Were temper'd in his face;
And through that glass the generous soul
Most clearly one might trace.

His form alike with elegance
And manly firmness bless'd,
Array'd in youth's seducing bloom,
A thousand charms express'd.

Nor could the homely russet coat
Conceal his noble air;
Which rather, from the contrast wide,
More striking did appear.

A moment's pause *Edilda* made,
The while her lovely eyes
Dwelt on the kneeling Shepherd's form,
With pleasure and surprise.

Upon the Shepherd's form she gaz'd,
Till o'er her blooming cheek
A sweet confusion made the blood
In stronger currents break;

There spreading from her spotless breast
Where rising blushes glow,
As when the rosy morning breaks
Upon a hill of snow.

Her lily hand most graciously
She proffers for a kifs ;
Which *Edwy* gently, trembling, touch'd,
As worthless of the blifs.

And while that soft and lovely hand
His red lip presses sweet,
He weens, transported, that the world
Is worthless such a treat !

“ Believe, thou gallant Youth,” she cry’d,
“ That while *Edilda* lives,
“ She must remember by whose hand
“ Her noble Sire survives ;

“ And while remembrance of a boon,
“ So precious, I possess,
“ Believe, brave Youth, my grateful heart
“ Shall thee once sing blefs.”

“ O lady ! gracious, good, and fair,”
Th’ enraptur’d Sæpherd cry’d,
“ To win a blessing from thy lips,
“ *Edwy* had willing dy’d;

“ Too happy ! that his feeble arm
“ Could noble *Galvan* save ;
“ And happier still, of him and thee,
“ To live and die the slave !”

And from that day the gallant Youth
In *Galvan*’s grateful breast,
Above each valued friend around,
The dearest place possess’d.

To highest trust, to fairest state,
Was *Edwy* now preferr'd ;
And quickly in the Noble's court,
With vantage great appear'd :

For quickly to his docile mind
Each liberal art was known,
And polish'd manners quickly were
Peculiarly his own.

Yet could not favour in his breast
Beget o'erweening pride ;
Still humble, modest, gentle, good,
'Midst Fortune's highest tide.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

EDWY AND EDILDA.

P A R T II.

BY all esteem'd, by all admir'd,
And much by all carefs'd ;
What anxious thought could now disturb
The heav'n in *Edwy's* breast ?

Was halcyon peace fair virtue's dow'r,
He sure had happy been ;
But good and evil in this life
Still make a motley scene.

Thus *Edwy*, favour'd past his thought,
'Midst all his blessings found
A secret arrow in his heart
Inflict a deadly wound.

And who can doubt, that reads this tale,
The source of *Edwy's* woe ?
Who but will guess *Edilda's* charms,
The source from whence they flow ?

Those dazzling charms with virtue join'd,
Which Heav'n itself approv'd ;
What marvel if the Shepherd saw,
Admir'd, esteem'd, and lov'd ?

What marvel ! when his own pure heart
The tablet was most fair,
Where every good and noble thought
At large inscribed were.

Alas ! their magic pow'r he felt
Within his artless breast,
Long ere the flame that bicker'd there,
Was to himself confess'd.

He fondly deem'd that rev'rence high,
Esteem, and duty fair,
With admiration, as of Heav'n,
Alone were center'd there.

And though with high and rare delight,
His eyes, he knew full well,
On sweet *Edilda's* peerless face
Unceasing lov'd to dwell :

Although he knew his panting heart
Upon her accents hung ;
And that his melting soul was lost
In raptures, when she sung :

Yet still the unexperienc'd youth
These daily transports prov'd ;
Nor once divin'd, those transports sweet
Were symptoms that he lov'd.

Day after day, with silent course,
Thus fled fast away ;
But nothing yet to *Edwy's* self
Did *Edwy's* heart betray :

Mean-time, of sweet *Edilda's* charms,
Did all-reporting Fame
Through every province, far and near,
The wondrous pow'r proclaim.

Hence many a Warrior of renown,
And many a Noble great,
To *Galvan's* palace hy'd away,
In all the pride of state :

To *Galvan's* palace quickly hy'd,
And when admitted there,
Each one *Edilda* soon confess'd
The fairest of the fair.

But still the Virgin's gentle heart
Each suitor woo'd in vain ;
And still the hymenæal bands
She view'd with cold disdain.

Oft her indulgent Father's lips
Had sworn a solemn vow,
That ne'er, reluctant to the yoke,
Her bosom he would bow.

And oft the gen'rous Warrior said,
His vast possessions all,
His noble race and honour'd name,
Without an heir should fall ;

Or ever at the altar's foot
Edilda's eyes shou'd wear
Averted looks, or on the bands
Of Hymen drop one tear.

And though in secret *Galvan* wish'd
His lovely Daughter's heart
Might to some meet Adorer's suit
Its tenderness impart ;

Yet still as each his vows preferr'd,
And quick dismissal met,
The gen'rous Noble veil'd the cares
Her coldness did beget.

The custom was in *Galvan's* hall,
When each returning day,
In various kinds of manly sports,
Was cheerful worn away ;

To greet with many a dulcet strain
The evening's dusky hour ;
And charm the stillness of the night
With music's potent pow'r.

Hence every guest whose happy frame
Kind Heav'n the temper fine
To feel th' expressive sounds had giv'n
Of harmony divine,

Made, either with his vocal notes,
The vaulted ceiling ring,
Or swept, with many a concord sweet,
The lyre's enchanting string.

As warbling wood-larks answer sweet,
The tufted groves among,
While *Philomela* to the moon
Chants her pathetic song :

So fair *Edilda*'s plaintive notes
Are heard transcending all;
And so do *Edwy*'s mellow tones
Swell sweetly through the hall.

But when to her melodious voice
His pipe accords its note,
And answers sweet, with melting strains,
The music of her throat;

Then harmony with rapture meets
Each fascinated ear,
And Silence, from the curtain'd night,
Enchanted! stoops to hear.

And such their forms, and such their grace,
And such their skill, that he
Apollo fitly had been deem'd;
And she *Calliope*.

In England's court a Lord there was
Of great estate and fame;
Who high in *Egbert*'s favour dwelt,
And *Edbald* was his name.

His age, the time when manhood firm
Has pass'd of youth the bloom,
Yet still doth promise many years
Of lustihood to come:

His person portly, strong, and tall;
His face was fiercely fair,
His graceful manners pleas'd, yet aw'd,
And haughty was his air:

His nat'ral genius, quick and strong,
By skilful masters taught,
With knowledge far above his peers,
And wit, was amply fraught.

But what are all the gifts of Heav'n,
Improv'd with earthly art,
If reason and bright virtue bend,
And passion guides the heart?

Thus *Edbald*, though supremely blest,
Disdaining reason's sway,
Obscur'd the fairest gifts of Heav'n,
And tarnish'd virtue's ray.

His heart impetuous, scornful, vain,
Could no controlment brook ;
And deadly fury oft his soul,
As with a whirlwind, shook.

Alas ! that overweening pride
Should spoil a fruit so fair !
That ever passion should deface
A gem, so rich and rare !

Such *Edbald* was, by all admir'd ;
Carefs'd, though fear'd by all ;
For still to favour, pow'r, and wealth,
Will servile flatt'ry fall.

But few I ween to *Edbald*'s self
Offer'd the tribute fair
Of friendship, free from falsehood's stain,
Of faith and love sincere.

A spacious manor, seated near
To Severn's winding tide,
The haughty *Edbald* had obtain'd
When noble *Erpwald* dy'd :

For *Erpwald*, who his uncle was,
To all his fortunes fair,
Childless himself, had left of late
Edbald the only heir.

Attended with a splendid train,
He quits the court awhile ;
And, to possess the wealth bequeath'd,
Rides many a tedious mile :

By Severn's side his journey wends,
And passing on his road,
He sudden came where *Galvan's* tow'rs
With ample honours stood.

The hour serene of evening mild,
The dazzling glare of day,
In soft and slow-advancing shades,
Now silent stole away.

The Noble paus'd, and to his squire
A quick commandment gives,
To ask what lord within those tow'rs
So fair and stately lives ?

He hies him instant to the gate,
And as the horn did sound,
Lord *Galvan's* porters us'd their speed,
And quickly gather'd round,

Soon to the courteous question they
An answer courteous gave :
“ The honour’d *Galvan* dwelleth here,
“ Rich, noble, good, and brave !”

At *Galvan*’s name the Warrior’s face
A smile of pleasure wears ;
For he the aged Lord had known,
Ev’n from his earliest years.

And often in his father’s court,
An infant yet in war,
Galvan his eager hand had taught
To wield the sword and spear.

“ Return to honour’d *Galvan*’s gate, ”
Unto his squires he cry’d ;
“ And say, Earl *Edbald* means this night
“ With *Galvan* to abide.”

And scarcely had the porters strong
Set wide the lofty gate,
When *Edbald* on his courser gay
Pranc’d proudly in thereat.

And scarce the tidings of his guest
Had noble *Galvan* heard,
Or ever at his portal fair
The puissant guest appear’d.

The ancient Hero, fill’d with joy,
The far-fam’d Warrior meets ;
And with an open heart and arm
The honour’d Noble greets.

- “ Welcome, thrice welcome,” loud he cry’d,
“ Is *Edbald* to my hall !
“ Whatever chance has led thee here,
“ May fair that chance befall !
“ And if my pow’r but mates my will,
“ Thy treatment here shall be
“ Worthy thy honour’d father’s son,
“ And worthy, Lord, of thee.”

Most graciously the valiant Earl
To *Galvan* made reply ;
And much he thank’d his greetings kind,
And much his courtesy.

Thence to the hospitable hall
He pass’d with *Galvan* straight,
Where many a Knight and Baron bold
In social converse sat.

And there the sweet *Edilda* too,
With other ladies fair,
As usual, at the dusky hour
Of eve, assembled were.

With other ladies fair she sat ;
But who, when she was by,
On other beauties ever glanc’d
With an approving eye ?

The silver lyre, but lately mute,
Within her lily hand
She lightly held ; while with his pipe,
Edwy did graceful stand :

And as the accents of her voice
He modest seem'd to wait,
On his fine face delight and love
In glowing transports sat.

But soon as lofty *Edbald's* steps
Approach'd the circle fair,
The whole assembly deftly rose
To do him honour there.

With noble mien he courteous bows
To each saluting guest,
And for their courtesy, content
And mickle thanks exprefs'd.

Lo! *Galvan*, who a moment past
Had quitted *Edbald's* side,
His lovely Daughter leads along,
With all a father's pride!

To *Edbald* he presents the maid :
And as her accents sweet,
With many a welcome, full, and fair,
The noble Stranger greet ;

Astonishment and rapture high
Were mingled in his look !
And while she talk'd, he surely ween'd
It was an angel spoke !

His air so haughty vanish'd quick,
As with an alter'd eye
And soften'd voice, in gallant terms,
He seemly made reply.

And whilst along the spacious hall,
 'Midst parted ranks they move ;
He seems the stately God of War,
And she the Queen of Love.

By fair *Edilda* seated close
 At *Galvan's* plenteous board,
A rich repast her thousand charms
 His dazzled eyes afford :

A rich repast her charms afford ;
 The while the various feast,
And sparkling wines, before his eyes
 Are unregarded plac'd.

But now the silver lyre he kens,
 And asks *Edilda* sweet,
If harmony's soft touches were
 For her a pleasure meet ?

At her assent the silver lyre
 He takes, and o'er its strings
His nimble hand, with magic touch,
 A thousand changes rings.

Loud and more loud the swelling chords
 Now all majestic roll ;
Soft and more soft now sink away,
 And sooth, and melt the soul.

Upon his fingers finely strung
 With harmony, the while
Edilda's eyes were firmly fix'd
 With many a raptur'd smile !

Edilda smil'd, and all approv'd
But one, whose love-sick heart
Seem'd from his bosom with her smiles
Impatient to depart.

For while the maid delighted heard
The skilful *Edbald* play,
The jealous *Edwy*'s wretched soul
In mis'ry sunk away.

Upon his brows a cold dew hung,
And in his heaving breast
The lab'ring sigh, and quicken'd throb,
An anguish deep express'd.

But soon by emulation stung,
While *Edbald* all admir'd,
To win an equal palm of praise,
His spirit high aspir'd.

And to his wish the founding lyre
No sooner silent stands,
Than *Edwy* tunes his mellow pipe
At *Galvan*'s kind commands.

His pipe he tunes, and while each nerve
The jealous Shepherd strains ;
Unwonted tributes of applause
His new-born skill obtains.

But *Edbald* far above the rest
His high encomiums rung,
And wonder vast at *Edwy*'s skill
Flow'd copious from his tongue.

And when he learnt who *Edwy* was,
Much marvell'd that his birth
Should so, beyond compare, be found
Excell'd, by wit and worth.

And much his person he extoll'd,
And swore his virtues rare,
And courtly manners, worthy well
The highest honours were.

But what avail these praises now
To *Edwy's* aching heart,
Where fatal jealousy had fix'd,
Unspy'd, her poison'd dart!

When silent sleep had every guest
In filken slumbers laid,
In vain his poppies he would strew
On *Edwy's* hapless head.

The conflict dire of passions strong
That struggled in his breast,
His tortur'd soul and watchful eye
Depriv'd of balmy rest.

Awhile with inward groans he tofs'd,
In deep and speechless woe;
Nor dar'd to probe the rankling wound,
From whence such evils flow.

At last, unable to contain
The gust of grief, he cry'd,
“ Ah! would to God that *Edwy* ere
“ This fatal night had dy'd!

- “ Accursed be my feeble pipe,
“ That could not once inspire
“ The sweet regards, that waited still
“ On *Edbald*’s tuneful lyre.
- “ Ah! what avails his hated praise,
“ When fair *Edilda*’s smile,
“ That wonted tribute to my lays,
“ Which did my heart beguile,
- “ Unto his better, happier hand
“ A higher tribute paid;
“ And round her lips, at *Edbald*’s lays,
“ So long, so sweetly play’d?
- “ But, wretched shepherd, why should’st thou
“ Lament his sweeter strain?
“ And why, of bright *Edilda*’s smiles
“ Should one like thee complain?
- “ What mad presumption thus thy heart
“ With impulse strange can move?
“ Ah! can it be! almighty powers!
“ It *is*, it *must* be love!”

This fatal truth, so long conceal’d
In *Edwy*’s secret breast,
Too late disclos’d! with tenfold woe
The wretched youth oppress’d.

Impatient longings, fierce desires,
The throws of wild despair,
With jealousy’s tormenting pangs,
Made dreadful havock there.

The alter'd *Edwy*, late the pride
Of *Galvan's* crowded hall,
No longer answer'd jocund now
At mirth's convivial call :

The unfrequented path he sought,
And there he lov'd alone
To pour his sorrows on the earth,
And heave the bitter groan.

While others still in various sports
Consum'd the cheerful day,
To solitude and racking woe
He gave himself away.

But when the hour of ev'ning came,
Then what was *Edwy's* care ?
How was his hapless bosom torn
By love, and by despair !

'Gainst nature still in hateful mirth
Constrain'd to bear a part ;
Yet hear that tongue, and meet those eyes,
That pierc'd him to the heart.

But when at sweet *Edilda's* word
The tuneful pipe he takes,
And with the music of her voice,
Soft melody awakes ;

O then his gentle amorous heart
Feels most love's subtle fire ;
And while he plays, his very soul
Seems melting with desire.

A change so great in one so lov'd,
Not long could be conceal'd,
While pallid looks and spirits broke
The private pangs reveal'd.

Soon *Galvan*, with a friendly care,
Intreats the drooping Swain
To say, what secret discontent
Or sickness caus'd his pain.

What discontent in *Galvan's* court,
So blest with *Galvan's* love ?
He answers mild, " Can *Edwy's* heart
" With basest influence move ?

" With lurking malady alone
" His grateful heart's oppress'd ;
" And ease and cheerfulness are driven,
" With health, from *Edwy's* breast."

The skilful leeches summon'd now,
Their utmost aid impart ;
But all in vain ! the evil lay
Beyond the reach of art.

Meantime the sweet *Edilda's* eyes
In *Edwy's* alter'd face,
And languid spirits, quickly saw
The fatal change there was.

She saw, and mourn'd ; for passing well
She priz'd the gentle youth,
For pleasing converse, talents rare,
For modesty and truth :

And of his welfare she inquir'd
Full oft, with tender care ;
And watch'd his cheek, and griev'd to see
The roses dying there.

No more she joy'd to hear the lyre
By *Edbald* nimbly swept :
And when he urg'd his tender suit,
She only sigh'd and wept.

She sigh'd and wept ; for well she knew
Her honour'd Father's heart,
In *Edbald's* vows, and *Edbald's* pains,
Still bore an anxious part.

By love arrested, *Edbald's* steps
In *Galvan's* court had stay'd ;
And all his thoughts had center'd long
In the enchanting maid.

But fore the haughty Lord was touch'd,
To find his proffer'd love
In fair *Edilda's* adverse breast
No soft return could move.

And oft indignant he had vow'd
To pay her scorn with scorn :
But still the pow'r of mighty love
Such vows had overborn.

Convinc'd at last that all his pride
To combat love was vain,
He hopes, from time and tender care,
His wishes to obtain.

The generous *Galvan* too, her heart
By soothing soft would move,
And mild persuasion's pow'rful voice,
To smile on *Edbald's* love.

Yet still the coy determin'd maid
Rejected all his pray'rs ;
And closely press'd, would urge his vow,
And bind it with her tears.

With inward grief she mark'd the while
Poor *Edwy's* fast decay ;
And sigh'd to see so fair a flow'r
So early fade away.

One evening as he trembling stood,
And with his pipe so clear,
Accompanied her melting notes,
That all were charm'd to hear ;

The tears, unheeded, from his cheek
Dropt frequent on the book
Where sweet *Edilda's* lovely eyes
Attentively did look.

She heard them fall, she saw them moist,
Upon the notes she sung ;
While pity throb'd within her breast,
And trembled on her tongue :

But ending now, she sudden turn'd
With sweet and tender air,
And pray'd, in whispers soft, to know
The cause of *Edwy's* care.

“ Ask not,” he cry’d, “ the fatal cause
“ From whence my sorrows flow.
“ O ! ask not what I ne’er must speak,
“ Nor you should ever know.”

He added not, and from her turn’d,
Distress’d, his glowing cheek,
While soft involuntary sighs
Her secret anguish speak.

Yet still th’ emotion soft to hide,
She us’d her utmost care:
Nor dar’d once question her fond heart,
What passions wrestled there.

A custom was in *Egbert’s* court,
When bloody wars did cease,
And doughty warriors arms were laid
Upon the lap of peace ;

Left warlike arms and pow’rs should rust,
To mark the lifted field,
Where Heroes, fam’d for val’rous deeds,
The glittering lance might wield.

Nor fame alone, nor love of arms,
Their beating bosoms fir’d,
A softer passion oft their hearts
More ardently inspir’d.

Hence many a Knight and Baron bold
Had borne the envied prize,
Encourag’d by th’ approving glance
Of some kind beauty’s eyes.

But still within the lifted field,
For prowess, none could dare
With noble *Edbald's* matchless might
Presumptuous ! to compare.

Lo ! at his wish his noble host
Invites, both far and nigh,
Each valiant Knight and Baron bold
To deeds of Chivalry.

For *Edbald* held a secret hope,
That, with high deeds of fame,
His arm in sweet *Edilda's* breast
Might rouse the sleeping flame.

The Heralds soon to all around,
The tidings loud declare ;
And say, " the Victors choice rewards
" With honour great shall wear.

" The first in might *Edilda's* hand
" A costly sword shall give,
" With golden hilt of curious work.
" The second shall receive

" A brightly-polish'd ebon bow,
" With silver ringlets grac'd ;
" And in the bow a taper shaft
" Of silver, featly plac'd."

Quickly doth many a Warrior brave
His goodly arms prepare ;
And weens with glory in the lists
To poise the pond'rous spear.

But *Edbald*, far beyond them all,
His anxious cares addrest ;
For valour, glory, pride, and love,
All burnt within his breast.

The rosy morn now blushes bright,
When many a deed of fame,
Emblazon'd fair in honour's field,
Shall grace the Hero's name.

The space is mark'd, the seats are fix'd ;
And soon the ladies fair,
A goodly train ! in bright array,
Assembling, rested there.

With *Galvan* sat the Lords and Knights,
Whose valour feeble age
Forbad the glorious tournament
With vigorous youth to wage.

High in the centre, underneath
A gorgeous canopy,
The fair *Edilda* charm'd each heart,
And dazzled every eye.

Sweet wreaths of roses bind her hair
With many a fragrant twine,
And purple robes, and jewels bright,
To deck her charms combine.

Than purple robes, or jewels bright,
Her charms more shining far ;
Nor could the roses with her cheeks,
Nor with her breath compare !

Upon her knees the bow was laid,
One Victor's fair reward ;
And in her hand she graceful held
The costly glittering sword.

Yet pensive languors somewhat dull'd
The brightness of her eye ;
And oft her snowy breast appear'd
To heave a gentle sigh.

For wretched *Edwy*'s mournful words,
Still founded in her ear ;
And much she mourn'd, where glory call'd,
That *Edwy* was not there :

His absence mourn'd from honour's field ;
But more the cankering tooth
Of sorrow, that withheld him thence,
And blighted fore his youth.

The trumpets found, the barriers ope ;
And in the lists appear
Full many a Champion, mounted bold
Upon his courser fair.

Their armour shines, they point the lance,
Their nimble couriers bound ;
And with a firm and warlike air
They prance the lists around.

Forthwith a Pageantry most rare
Engages every eye,
Where Arms, and Steeds, and Warriors shew
With mickle bravery.

A gallant Champion heads the train,
Upon a milk-white steed,
Whose gilded trappings glitter bright
About his tossing head.

And now his arched neck he bows
On his broad bosom fair,
Now proudly snorting champs his bit,
And snuffs the ambient air.

His eager eye-balls glow with fire,
And while he thunders round,
His golden shoes, with paces high,
Spurn as they touch the ground.

The puissant Warrior on his back
All fiercely graceful rode;
And shook his lance, till chilling fear
Ran shiv'ring through their blood.

His armour splendid was to view,
Of polish'd steel and gold;
And with a mighty hand he still
His fiery steed control'd.

Upon his polish'd helmet high
The spangled plumage shone;
And flowing half-way down his back,
Wav'd sparkling to the sun.

Upon his shield, in rare device!
Was seen a Painting brave,
Where Love, the Palm of Valour to
A kneeling Warrior gave.

Above in golden letters bright,
These words were seen the while ;
“ Love, thou art just !” and these beneath,
“ I conquer by thy smile.”

A numerous train his steps attend,
And round the lifted field,
In shining pairs behind him rank’d,
A goodly prospect yield.

But as the Warrior past the place
Where sweet *Edilda* shone,
With couched lance, in fair salute,
He graceful bow’d him down :

And as the beaver he did lift,
His face was well descry’d ;
And *Edbald*’s high renowned name
Was heard on every side.

The trumpets sound a sprightly charge,
The tilters take their stand,
And wait with ardent throbbing breasts,
The clarion’s last command.

It shrilly sounds ; and now amain,
Along the quaking ground,
The champions rush ; they furious clash ;—
And clanging arms resound.

Full many a Warrior of renown
On that redoubted day,
With batter’d mail, and bruised limbs,
In dust low grov’ling lay.

But still above each tilter brave,
Earl *Edbald* glorious shone;
And each encounter more declar'd
The envied prize his own.

At length as round he proudly wheel'd
With fierce and scornful air,
He ween'd that no advent'rous Knight
Would further contest dare.

But vainly ween'd ! for once again
The martial trumpets found ;
And once again a rival Knight
Appear'd within the bound.

And much his form, and motions much,
Attracted every eye ;
And in his mien a spirit rare,
And grace, one might espy.

Upon a coal-black steed he rode,
That like the ebon shone ;
And all his armour wore the face
Of one quite woe-begone.

For all of black his armour was,
But where upon his breast,
A bleeding heart quite pierced through,
His malady exprest.

And round the heart, in curious guise,
This motto did appear,
In flaming letters portray'd bright ;
“ I love, and I despair ! ”

The clarions found,—like rushing winds
The courfers wing their way;
And at their mighty shock each breast
Is fill'd with strange dismay;

At the fierce stroke of *Edbald's* spear,
The fable Warrior reel'd,
But with his blow the puissant Earl
Lay stretch'd upon the field.

Each bosom at the Hero's might
Is fill'd with vast surprise,
And long applauses echo round,
And rend the vaulted skies.

Another, and another yet,
Within the lifted field,
The fable Warrior's thund'ring arm
Reluctant forc'd to yield.

At length, to hail the trumpet's voice,
Thrice founding far and near,
No Champion to contest the prize
Of valour, durst appear.

To sweet *Edilda's* judgment-feat,
The victor now they lead,
Where of his prowess from her hand,
He, kneeling, takes the meed.

And while the costly glittering sword
She graciously bestows;
“May this,” she cried, “defend thee still,
“And still offend thy foes!”

The Warrior bow'd with mickle grace;
And as he touch'd her hand,
No longer could his lab'ring breast
Its fervours strong command.

"All-honour'd maid!" (in transports lost)
"By thy dear hand," he cry'd,
"While life remains, this envied sword
"Shall honour *Edwy's* side."

The words were past without recall;
Deep blushes warm her cheek,
While from her faint and fault'ring tongue
These trembling accents break:

"Why, *Edwy*, why dost thou persist
"To wound my tender heart?—
"But time is short; hence, quickly hence;
"Unseen, unheard, depart.

"*Edilda* would not for the world
"It ever should appear,
"That noble *Edbald* was o'erthrown
"By lowly *Edwy's* spear."

"Fear not," in whispers soft, he cry'd,
"That *Edwy* shall be known
"To any eye that views him here
"But thine, sweet maid, alone."

"Nor had *Edilda* *Edwy* found,
"Had not his treach'rous tongue,
"And treach'rous heart, the purpos'd cloud
"Dispell'd, that round him hung."

With low obeisance, sighing, now
He quits *Edilda's* feet,
And, like a shadow, from the lists,
Unknown, doth swiftly fleet.

Edbald the while, whose haughty soul
Was fill'd with rage and shame,
Curfes the arm whose deadly force
Had sullied his bright fame.

Behold, with fierce indignant mien,
Sunk eye, and low'ring brows,
To meet the second prize decreed,
Before the maid he bows.

The ebon bow she graceful gives,
And arrow straight and fair;
And soothing tells how much the prize
Beneath his merits are.

"The prize by thy beloved hand
"Is precious made," he cry'd;
"But ere Earl *Edbald* saw this day,
" 'Twere better he had dy'd;

"Since at the hour when most he wish'd
"Bright Fame to bear away,
"At that accursed hour alone,
"His laurels knew decay.

"O! let this hand the champion meet
"Once more, ye Powers above!
"Then mortal conflict shall the force
"Of *Edbald's* vengeance prove.

“ Then what it is to rouse my rage,
“ The trembling wretch shall find;
“ Then shall his blood, to heal my fame,
“ Be scatter’d to the wind!”

Forthwith the whole assembly rose,
And willing turn’d their feet
Where *Galvan*’s tables (lordly spread)
The harafs’d spirits greet.

And there around the spicy bowls
They social chat away,
According to their several thoughts,
The fortunes of the day.

But still the valiant Stranger’s name
All curious are to know ;
And still from each impartial tongue
His well-earn’d praises flow.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

EDWY AND EDILDA.

P A R T III.

EDWY, the while, apart retir'd,
His lonely pillow prest,
A thousand cares distracting wide
The empire of his breast.

A secret pleasure each kind look,
And every gracious word
Of sweet *Edilda*, in the lifts,
His musing mind afford.

Her soft confusion, tender fears,
In dear remembrance rise;
And Hope begins to warm his cheek,
And sparkle in his eyes.

But scarce she flashes through the night,
That hangs about his heart,
Ere fell despair the welcome guest
Constraineth to depart.

“ Presumptuous wretch !” he sighing cries,
“ What madness thus can move
“ Thy soul to harbour but a thought
“ Of bright *Edilda*’s love !

- “ The generous maid’s emotions soft,
“ From pity rose alone;
“ Though by that pity *Edwy*’s heart
“ Is but the more undone.
- “ Or *should* a phrensy, like thy own,
“ Her tender breast beguile,
“ Upon thy ill-condition’d love
“ To cast a fav’ring smile;
- “ Could’st thou, ungenerous! from the height
“ Where brightly she doth shine,
“ *Could’st* thou debase the noble maid
“ To such a state as thine?
- “ Could’st thou, ungenerous youth! consent
“ From honour to depart,
“ In *Galvan*’s breast a viper prove,
“ And sting him to the heart?
- “ Let gratitude the monstrous thought
“ Within thy breast control;
“ And every noble impulse drive
“ Such baseness from thy soul!
- “ No! tortur’d as this bosom is,
“ Yet *Edwy* still shall be
“ Virtuous, amidst the worst extremes
“ Of all his misery!”

The generous purpose seems awhile
His anguish to appease;
And scatters through his bosom’s gloom
A few bright rays of peace:

For lovely innocence alone
The talent rare can know,
To lighten, with a radiant smile,
The dark abyfs of woe.

But quick the momentary gleam
From *Edwy's* bosom fleets;
And *Edbald*, like a fiend of hell,
His wild idea meets.

Frantic, he cries, " Can *Edwy's* foul
" That dreadful moment bear,
" When *Edbald's* blifs fhall drive it on
" To tortures, and defpair !

" Yet, why fhould this ungenerous heart
" Repine at *Edbald's* blifs ?
" Why the poor wreck fhould that deftroy
" Of *Edwy's* fhatter'd peace ?

" His pow'r, his honours, wealth, and worth,
" His perfon, his high name;
" All, *all*, to sweet *Edilda's* hand
" A title large proclaim.

" Why, why then did my jealous foul,
" Vain to fubdue his might,
" In fecret feek the lifted field,
" Beneath the mafk of night ?

" Did not that veil a purpofe dark
" To every heart betray ?
" Elfe why disguis'd fhould *Edwy* fhun
" The tell-tale eye of day ?

“ Why, proudly, did I wish to shine
“ In sweet *Edilda*’s eyes?

“ Why from her noble Suitor wish,
“ Basely, to win the prize?

“ Why does the bold ungenerous deed
“ Not now displease my heart?

“ And why the Warrior’s sullied fame
“ An envious joy impart?

“ O let me haste from *Galvan*’s court
“ The spoiler to remove,
“ That blights the wishes of his heart,
“ And cankers *Edbald*’s love!

“ Then shall *Edilda*’s kinder eye
“ Her worthier lover bless;
“ And noble *Galvan*’s generous soul
“ Its whole desire possess.

“ Yet once again, before my heart
“ In solitude forlorn,
“ Th’ eternal loss of all it loves
“ Shall unremitting mourn;

“ Yet once again, *Edilda*’s charms
“ Shall bless poor *Edwy*’s fight,
“ Before his eye-lids wish to close
“ In everlasting night.

“ O! may the Pow’rs above for her
“ A happier lot prepare!
“ O! may she ne’er, like *Edwy*, know
“ To love, and to despair!”

The hapless Youth in useless plaints,
Thus past the night away;
And rose, dispirited and pale,
At morn's returning ray.

In happier days, when halcyon peace
The gliding moments blest,
Nor *Edwy* kenn'd the lurking shaft
That rankled in his breast:

At times, beneath a blooming bow'r,
That hid the eye of day,
At sweet *Edilda's* bidding he
His tuneful pipe would play.

'Midst summer's heats *Edilda* still
The pastime much approv'd;
And who can doubt that what she lik'd
Th' empassion'd *Edwy* lov'd?

A winding row of fringed elms
Led to the cool retreat,
Whose rugged trunks were circled by
The pea and woodbine sweet.

The bow'r itself, a little heav'n
Of various sweets compose,
Where jasmines and the fragrant brier
Would emulate the rose,

Nor eglantines were wanting there,
Nor myrtles odorous green,
Which form'd a seemly contrast to
The flow'rs that blush'd between.

Sweet flowrets of a thousand dyes
Enamell'd thick the ground,
And with the bow'r's soft perfume vy'd
To scent the air around.

Here each plum'd warbler of the grove
With envy stretch'd his throat,
To rival *Edwy's* dulcet strains,
With many a liquid note.

While the clear brook, that winding flow'd
Beside the calm retreat,
Its lulling gurglings join'd to form
A music strangely sweet.

Not Eden's self a fairer spot
Could boast 'midst all her bow'rs,
What time calm innocence repos'd
On beds of fragrant flow'rs.

The hapless *Edwy*, at the hour
Of fresh and dewy morn,
To this sequester'd spot his steps
Unweetingly did turn.

Unweetingly his steps he turn'd;
For, lost in woe, his mind
Rul'd not his feet, which thitherward
From habitude inclin'd.

Not so *Edilda's*, who had ris'n
At earliest dawn of day,
And to the bow'r with *purpos'd* step,
Had softly sped away.

Unto her favourite bow'r she sped;
For there she thought alone,
Unseen, unheard, to drop the tear,
And heave th' unstinted groan.

A sad constraint the evening past,
Her tender heart had found,
Which labour'd with a load of grief
Amidst the mirth around.

Each ardent glance of *Edbald's* eye
Shot poison in her breast;
And new disgust deform'd each word
He tenderly address'd.

But when the sounds of *Edwy's* praise
Ran murmuring through the hall,
The pulse that flutter'd in each vein,
Confess'd her bosom's thrall.

Too well she gather'd whence her heart
Such jarring passions move;
Felt those were born of bitter hate,
And these of gentle love.

In vain, beneath the cope of night,
Her downy couch she press'd;
Long had it lost its silken pow'r
To seal her eyes in rest.

Yet still in silence she endur'd;
Nor, though she felt the smart,
Dar'd from her breast attempt to tear
The deep inflicted dart:

So some poor wretch a barbed shaft
Bears from the mortal fray ;
Yet from his bosom fears to draw
What drinks his life away.

Upon th' enamell'd turf she lay,
Within the fragrant bow'r;
Of all the lovely flow'rs around,
Herself the loveliest flow'r.

Her loosen'd robes had careless left
Her bosom quite reveal'd,
Had not the tresses copious flow'd,
And half its snow conceal'd.

Yet now and then a whispering breeze
O'er the light locks would blow,
Bewraying through their glossy threads
The paradise below.

Upon her elbow pensively
The beauteous maiden leant;
Her lily hand upheld her head :
The while her eyes were bent

Upon the fatal book, which still
In one well-noted place,
With hapless *Edwy's* frequent tears,
All stain'd and blotted was.

And as the dear yet dreaded page
Her sad eyes ponder'd o'er,
A thousand tears would quickly fall,
Where one had fall'n before.

Upon the moment, *Edwy's* feet
Approach'd the weeping Fair;
And much his wonder was to see
Her beauties resting there.

A thousand wild and clashing thoughts
His beating bosom move,
Divided 'twixt desire and fear,
'Twixt reverence and love.

But what affliction rives his heart,
When the sweet maid appears,
As nigh he steals, with faded check,
And all dissolv'd in tears!

What strong emotions heav'd his breast!
As movingly she cry'd,
" Ere *Edwy* came, O! would to God,
" *Edilda*, thou hadst dy'd!"

No more his agonizing heart
Its passions could command,
Before her feet he cast him down;
And while he touch'd her hand,

" O! would to God," he sobbing cry'd,
" That *Edwy* on his bier
" Had cold been stretch'd, or ere he cost
" Those lovely eyes one tear!"

Astonish'd to behold the youth,
Edilda instant rose;
Blushing, as when the dewy morn
With humid lustre glows.

And as the pearly drops that fell
Down her warm cheek, she dry'd;
With sweet, but yet majestic air,
Thus gracefully reply'd:

“ Rise, *Edwy*! rise, unhappy Youth!
“ And since by chance alone,
“ My tongue impell'd, hath weeteless made
“ My guarded passion known;

“ *Edilda* scorns beneath deceit
“ Her sentiments to hide;
“ Nor would a refuge meanly seek,
“ From bashfulness, or pride.

“ Yes, *Edwy*, yes, this throbbing heart
“ Feels all thy merits rare;
“ Upon this bosom all thy charms
“ Too deeply graven are.

“ Yet, if *Edilda* well thou know'st,
“ A thought will never be
“ Inspir'd of this, unworthy her,
“ Nor yet unworthy thee.

“ Then fearless tell the tender tale
“ That throbs within thy breast;
“ So, with the temper of thy love,
“ Its worth shall stand confess'd.

“ O! much *Edilda*'s thoughts have err'd,
“ If aught is there conceal'd,
“ That to the world's malignant eye
“ Might dread to be reveal'd.”

- “ Transcendant Maid!” the Youth return’d,
“ There wanted only this
“ Quite to destroy the poor remains
“ Of wretched *Edwy*’s blifs!
- “ Alas! had Love his deadly shaft
“ Fix’d in this breast alone;
“ It still, amidst my sharpest pangs,
“ A gleam of joy had known.
- “ At distance, still my soul had dwelt
“ On sweet *Edilda*’s blifs;
“ And from her day of joy deriv’d
“ Some glimmerings of peace.
- “ Yes, noble Maid, from the first hour
“ These eyes beheld thy charms,
“ My beating bosom deeply felt
“ The force of love’s alarms.
- “ Yet unexperienc’d as I was,
“ I knew not my own heart,
“ Till lynx-ey’d jealousy at length
“ Betray’d the lurking dart.
- “ From that sad moment was my soul
“ A prey to dire despair,
“ The while my alter’d cheek confess’d
“ Some mischief struggled there.
- “ Alas! ’t was this, and this alone,
“ The purpose wild could move,
“ To rend from noble *Edbald*’s hand
“ The envied prize of Love.

- “ But when upon my secret bed
“ My motives lay reveal’d ;
“ Nor longer could my inmost soul
“ Be from my eye conceal’d :
- “ Then, *then*, my jealousy shew’d rank
“ Beneath the conscious night ;
“ And all my mad presumption stood
“ Confess’d before my sight.
- “ And whilst ingratitude and art,
“ With envy, dark and foul,
“ Too plain I saw, their dwelling had
“ In my polluted soul ;
- “ With horror struck, I firmly swore
“ The spoiler to remove,
“ That blasted noble *Galvan*’s peace,
“ And canker’d *Edbald*’s love.
- “ Hence have my steps bewilder’d trod,
“ At morning’s dewy hour ;
“ And hence, unweetingly they stray’d
“ Beside this fragrant bow’r.
- “ O ! never more beneath its shade
“ Shall happy *Edwy* play
“ With jocund pipe, at thy behest,
“ The noontide hour away !
- “ Nor ever at the close of eve,
“ By fair *Edilda*’s side,
“ Shall *Edwy* swell, to mate her voice,
“ His notes, with mickle pride !

- “ The hours of peace for ever fled !
“ To rocks and woods alone
“ His grief shall flow ; and there, at last,
“ In peace shall lay him down.
“ Yet ’midst the throes of fell despair,
“ His heart a joy would prove,
“ To know thy bosom felt no more
“ The pangs of hopeless love.”

His tears and sighs now choak’d his speech,
The while *Edilda*’s soul
Its vast conflicting passions seem’d
Unequal to control.

At length with fervour she reply’d,
While down her lovely face,
The silent tears, in bursting drops,
Each other swiftly chase :

- “ Nobly hath *Edwy* to my soul
“ His worthiness approv’d ;
“ And justify’d *Edilda*’s heart,
“ In stooping, where it lov’d.
“ Yes, *Edwy* ! now, with pride, my tongue
“ Its passion shall confess,
“ Though that ill-fated passion sure
“ No fav’ring star will bless !
“ For well my noble Father’s worth,
“ Yet well his pride I know ;
“ Full well I ken the debt to him,
“ And to myself I owe.

- “ He never in the hour of care
“ Shall curse *Edilda*’s name,
“ For fullying, with unequal bands,
“ The lustre of his fame.
- “ Nor shall his blood, so highly priz’d,
“ I swear by duty ! be,
“ Whatever misery is my doom,
“ Dishonour’d *first* in me.
- “ Yet think not thy *Edilda*’s heart
“ Inconstant e’er will prove ;
“ Think not this bosom can abjure
“ Who warm’d it first to love.
- “ Never shall haughty *Edbald*’s ear
“ This soft confession know ;
“ Nor ever at the altar’s foot,
“ To Hymen will I bow.
- “ Enough is given to cruel pride,
“ And duty too severe ;
“ No rival ever shall supplant
“ Thy lovely image here.”
- She ceas’d. He, sighing, thus return’d :
“ Exalted, generous Fair !
“ The tribute thou would’st pay my love,
“ Far too exalted were.
- “ Recall thy vow : Thy Father’s years
“ Let thy fair offspring charm ;
“ And may their growing virtues long
“ His aged bosom warm.

“ O ! let not, for a wretch like me,
“ A race so noble cease ;

“ O ! lay thy Father’s silver hairs
“ Within the grave in peace !

“ I ask but this !---to kiss thy hand
“ Before I wretched go

“ For ever hence !---Soft, she reply’d,
“ Fond lovers part not so.

“ Upon my lips thy last adieu

“ Most freely shalt thou seal ;

“ And on these faithful lips, till death,
“ Those dear adieu shall dwell.

“ In vain thy gentle, generous soul

“ My fix’d resolves would move :

“ No other tongue shall charm my ear,
“ Or sooth my heart to love.”

On her soft lips the trembling lips

Of *Edwy* gently dwell ;

And thence with many a pressure sweet,
Take many a sweet farewell.

“ Thou darling youth,” she weeping cry’d,

“ Why should we ever part ?

“ But it *must* be ; yet still with thee

“ Shall dwell *Edilda*’s heart.”

Then mingling kisses, tears, and sighs,

One last adieu they take,

And from each other’s circling arms,
In speechless sorrow break.

Unto her couch, half dead with grief,
The sweet *Edilda* stole ;
And there in private utter'd all
The anguish of her soul.

Poor *Edwy* by a different path
Fast to his chamber hies ;
And there awhile upon his bed,
Abforb'd in sorrow, lies.

At length a chosen friend he seeks,
And to his faithful breast,
With many a pity-moving sigh,
His wretched state confess'd.

Then begs a rough disguise, ere morn,
His friendship would supply ;
In which, unheeded, he might pass
From every prying eye.

For ere the silent shades of night
Were wholly past away,
He meant from noble *Galvan's* court
Eternally to stray.

A letter too he prays his friend
Would give to *Galvan's* hand,
What time he aught of *Edwy's* health
Should on the morn demand.

For still the grateful Baron's heart
Had shown affection fair
To the sad youth, and made his health
The subject of his care.

The generous *Ofred* freely swore,
His friendship would fulfil,
With care exact; the utmost scope
Of honour'd *Edwy*'s will.

And much his fortune he deplores;
And much laments to see
His fair estate so soon destroy'd
By Love's severe decree.

For *Galvan* now the hapless youth,
With trembling hand, prepares
This sad epistle, which he bath'd,
While writing, with his tears:

“ From *Galvan*'s court, by fortune hard,
“ For ever forc'd to wend;
“ O! let not *Galvan*'s gen'rous soul
“ The strange resolve offend.

“ Nor let his kindness ever seek
“ The cause of *Edwy*'s woe;
“ Which fits not, or his pen to write,
“ Nor *Galvan*'s heart to know.

“ Yet 'midst the shades of solitude,
“ And pangs of wild despair,
“ A grateful sense of *Galvan*'s love
“ Shall *Edwy*'s bosom bear.

“ Nor from that love, nor these blest'd feats,
“ Would *Edwy* e'er depart;
“ But that he dreads to plunge a sword
“ In noble *Galvan*'s heart.

“ O! may that godlike heart ne’er feel
“ The pangs of deep distress;
“ But from the gracious hand of Heaven
“ Its whole desire possess!”

Scarce was the cruel task perform’d,
Ere one his chamber sought;,
Who from the aged Warrior’s self
This friendly message brought:

“ The gallant *Edwy*, well lov’d,
“ May every good befall!
“ His presence much doth *Galvan* wish
“ To grace the mirthful hall.”

“ All honour to the noble Lord,”
The fighting youth return’d;
And his forc’d absence from the hall
By adverse sickness mourn’d.

The answer all unwelcome, was
To generous *Galvan*’s ear;
And much the sickly youth he wail’d
To all that round him were.

From thence occasion fair he took,
Upon th’ensuing morn,
To wish the pleasures of the chase,
With merry hound and horn;

To wish the pleasures of the chase,
Within the self-same wood,
Where first he in his deep distress
The gallant Shepherd view’d.

For still the spot, with mickle pride,
The Noble lov'd to trace ;
And to his honour'd guest would fain
Bewray the noted place.

The fair *Edilda*, too, he vows,
To pleasure *Edbald's* heart,
Shall in the coming morning's sports
Bear an unwonted part.

Nor she dissents ; for oft her breast
A secret wish had held,
To view the spot where *Edwy's* hand
The furious wolf had quell'd.

What, though for ever from her sight
The Youth was forc'd to fly ?
She knew the place that grac'd his name
Must gratify her eye.

Meantime the trusty *Osred's* hand
The rustic garb prepares ;
Which to his friend, with falling night,
Though loth, he safely bears.

Just as her sable veil was ting'd
With twilight's sober ray,
Clad like a goatherd, with his pipe
Poor *Edwy* stole away.

His favour high, and fortunes fair,
Fair robes, and arms, forsakes ;
Save that beneath his homely coat
The valued sword he takes.

For what was favour now to him ?

Or what his fortunes fair ?

Edilda lost ! the world had been

No object worth his care.

From noble *Galvan's* lofty gate

Reluctantly he wends ;

And to the aged *Hilda's* farm

His heavy travel bends.

For still to *Hilda*, 'midst his state,

All honour he had paid ;

Nor had his heart with fortune's smiles,

From duty ever stray'd.

And though he wish'd to wander far

From scenes of former bliss,

He meant to pause till silent death

Had seal'd her eyes in peace.

Not long the Sun's refulgent beams

Had gladden'd Nature's face,

Ere wretched *Edwy's* weary feet

Their native woodlands trace.

Then as the steepy rock he view'd

That nodded o'er the plain,

Where he was wont, in happier days,

To pipe his careless strain ;

A thousand fond ideas rush

Upon his lab'ring soul ;

And for a while, with magic power,

His wandering steps control.

“ Ah ! would to God my heart,” he cry’d,
“ A joy had never known,
“ Passing what yon sequester’d shade
“ And steepy rock have shown !

“ Ah ! would to God, with calm content,
“ I thither now could stray ;
“ And, reckless of the pangs of love,
“ Pass with my pipe the day !

“ E’en yet, forlorn as *Edwy* is,
“ His steps once more shall trace,
“ And weary body rest once more
“ Upon the well-known place.”

So some unhappy spright at times
From its dark prison wends,
And to the scenes of former bliss
Its course at midnight bends.

But vainly *Edwy* strives to rest
Beneath the once-lov’d shade ;
The pleasant spot his grief had now
A dreary desert made.

Ah ! deadly potency of grief,
Which every object fair,
’Gainst Nature, its own gloomy face
Can still compel to wear !

Not long the hapless youth had wept
Beneath the beeches shade,
Ere oft-repeated shrieks he heard
Re-echo through the glade.

“ Here, underneath the secret shade,
“ Upon his base-born breast,
“ I saw that cold, that scornful Maid,
“ Her head impassion’d rest.

“ Who but must know this dark disguise
“ Was for the purpose made?
“ Who but must know for this she fled
“ With art to seek the shade?

“ And whilst her soft deceitful tongue
“ Its tender love express’d,
“ The villain saw, and aim’d a sword,
“ Infidious, at my breast.

“ Astonish’d at a scene so strange,
“ A vantage great he found,
“ And laid me with a sudden blow
“ Unwarn’d upon the ground.

“ Nay, had not in a lucky hour
“ The noble *Galvan* came,
“ His sword had buried in my breast
“ At once their love and shame.”

More had he said, but that his speech,
With quick indignant eye,
With burning cheek, and mingled air
Of scorn and dignity,

The fair *Edilda* sudden here
With interruption cross’d :
“ Base man !” she cried, “ to truth, to shame,
“ To honour, wholly lost.

- “ As far above thy calumny
“ Shall *Edwy*’s virtues shine,
“ As his pure soul superior is
“ To such a soul as thine.
- “ Thus wrong’d, deceit and dread I scorn;
“ Then let my Father’s ear,
“ Let all the world in witness stand;
“ To what I loud declare :
- “ Yes, long I’ve lov’d this gallant Youth,
“ And still his heart shall be
“ Above the greatest monarch’s vows,
“ Cherish’d and priz’d by me.
- “ Yet never till the morn foregone
“ The love within her breast,
“ Conceal’d with care, *Edilda*’s tongue
“ To *Edwy*’s heart confess’d.
- “ Nor then the virtuous youth had kenn’d
“ The dart that rankled there,
“ Had not unthought-of chance betray’d
“ The secret to his ear.
- “ Yet fancy not *Edilda*’s soul,
“ By passion blindly sway’d,
“ A daughter’s duty to her love
“ The sacrifice has made.
- “ No sooner were her thoughts reveal’d,
“ Than she resolv’d to prove
“ The bitt’rest sorrows that could flow
“ From disappointed love.

- “ For *Galvan's* fame, and noble blood,
“ I swear shall never be,
“ Whatever misery is my doom,
“ Dishonour'd first in me.
- “ Nor did the generous *Edwy* strive
“ To win with guile my heart ;
“ Nor breathe one with *Edilda's* soul
“ From duty should depart.
- “ Hence in disguise this morn he left
“ His favour, fortunes, fame ;
“ Grateful and virtuous, freely hence
“ An outcast he became.
- “ Hence hap'ly wand'ring through this wood,
“ He saw my wretched meed ;
“ And hence to save my threaten'd life
“ Flew with an angel's speed.
- “ Witness these bruises and this blood
“ That still my bosom stain ;
“ Nay, witness thou ignoble Lord,
“ Base author of my pain.
- “ And well thou know'st the gentle youth
“ Sought not the mortal strife ;
“ Know'st well, he baffled thy base arm,
“ But to preserve his life.
- “ But in her Father's presence now
“ His injur'd daughter swears
“ (And well he knows her dauntless soul
“ His truth and firmness bears),

“ That sooner shall the cruel hawk
“ Mate with the gentle dove,
“ Than e’er this bosom shall incline
“ To favour *Edbald*’s love.

“ In this alone a father’s will,
“ His force, nay *tears*, I’ll brave,
“ *Edilda*’s prostituted vows
“ No husband e’er shall have.”

The generous Beauty ended here ;
And on her ardent tongue
Her Father’s ear with wonder, grief,
And deep attention, hung.

He knew her noble nature well,
And well her honour knew ;
Nor doubted once the candid tale
Her lips had spoke was true.

To *Edwy* now he frowning turn’d,
And with a smother’d sigh
Ask’d “ What to *Edbald*’s heavy charge
“ He justly could reply ?”

“ Thy gracious Daughter,” he return’d,
“ For *Edwy* hath reply’d,
“ With truth her lips the charge against
“ His honour have deny’d.

“ If to have lov’d her be a crime ;
“ Or if to love her still
“ While life remains, a crime can be,
“ Your vengeance now fulfil.

Sunk as he was in bitter woe,
Yet still his generous heart
Was ready, when distress implor'd,
Its succour to impart.

Instant he rushes to the path
That opens through the wood ;
Ah ! what a spectacle of woe
His eyes that instant view'd !

A fiery courser from her seat
A lady gay had thrown ;
Who hanging by the tender foot,
He dragg'd remorseless on.

And while he furious drove between
The thick surrounding wood,
Her pallid face, and flowing hair,
Were all imbru'd with blood.

A sight so sad the hardest heart
Had sure to pity turn'd ;
What then did *Edwy's* feel, which still
Had with the mourner mourn'd ?

As quick as thought he cross'd and check'd
The wild impetuous steed,
And from her dreadful bondage soon
The hopeless lady freed.

But sure th' emotions of his soul
No language can express,
When all *Edilda's* charms appear'd
Upon the fair-one's face !

Nor less did her astonish'd heart
With pow'rful feelings beat,
When in a goatherd's garb she saw
Young *Edwy* at her feet.

Upon his breast her lovely head
He laid with tender care,
And trembling wip'd away the blood
That soil'd her face and hair :

And while he wip'd the clotted gore,
Almost expir'd with fear !
Left underneath some deadly gash
Should suddenly appear.

But though full many a ruthless bruise
And bleeding scratch he found ;
His heart was comforted to learn
There was no mortal wound.

With sweet confusion, fear, and love,
The blushing Beauty lay,
And seem'd on *Edwy*'s panting breast
To sigh her soul away.

And while he gently sooth'd her soul,
“ O ! would to God,” she said,
“ That *Edwy* was of noble birth,
“ Or I some lowly maid !

“ O ! would to God this throbbing heart
“ Its gratitude could prove,
“ And show it values not the world
“ Compar'd with *Edwy*'s love !”

Just as the words escap'd her lips,
From out a thicket by,
The haughty *Edbald* fiercely rush'd
With peril in his eye.

"Die, base-born slave!" he scornful cry'd,
"Who dar'st exalt thine eyes
To what the monarchs of the earth
Might deem a noble prize!"

Then at the Youth, surpris'd, unarm'd,
His spear he basely push'd;
But miss'd his aim, while on his throat
The nimble *Edwy* rush'd.

Quick with a strenuous griping hand
He wrench'd the spear away,
Then spurn'd him back, and at his feet
The furious *Edbald* lay.

And while with scorn above his head
He shook the glittering spear;
"Proud Lord," he cried, "my arm ere this
Has laid thee prostrate there.

"Nay, as a voucher for the deed,
Behold this valued sword!
So shall not mine, like thine, appear
An empty vaunter's word."

But now *Edilda's* piercing shrieks
Had echoed through the wood,
And met her noble Father's ear,
Who fast the sounds pursu'd.

Fast he the thrilling sounds pursu'd
With anguish in his breast,
For by her cries he knew the maid
Full forely was distress'd.

But who can speak his vast surprise,
When groveling on the ground,
Beneath a lowly goatherd's feet,
The fiery Earl he found?

Who can his wonder speak, when now,
Beneath the rough disguise,
The much-lov'd *Edwy*'s well-known face
Appears before his eyes?

To meet his steps with timid look
The blushing Shepherd came;
Nor was that blush the offspring base
Of trembling guilt or shame.

For well he wote a heavy charge
Earl *Edbald* would prepare,
With vengeance fill'd, and jealous hate,
To win the Warrior's ear.

And who not kens that virtuous minds
Awake to noble fame,
Prize far before this spark of life
A bright and spotless name?

But lo! before his lips could ope,
His foe impatient cries;
"If *Galvan* cares for *Edbald*'s love,
"That specious villain dies.

- “ And while my weary life you take,
“ From length of misery,
“ Believe, my Lord, your bounteous hand
“ Will only set me free.
- “ Yet this my outrag’d honour asks,
“ From noble *Ofred*’s hand,
“ Let my good Lord, when I am dead,
“ A few sad lines demand.
- “ Those few sad lines my pen alone
“ To *Galvan*’s eye address’d,
“ And those, without disguise, will show
“ The purpose of my breast.”
- “ Whate’er thy guilt,” the Noble cried,
“ Forbid it, gracious Heaven !
“ This thankless hand should spill his blood,
“ By whom my life was given.
- “ Yet on thy peril from my court
“ For ever far remove ;
“ Nor let thy soul dare lift a thought
“ To such unequal love.
- “ But griev’d is *Galvan* to pronounce,
“ That noble *Edbald*’s heart
“ Must now, by adverse fate impell’d,
“ From what it wish’d depart.
- “ *Galvan* nor doubts but *Edbald*’s tongue
“ The thought within his breast,
“ By outward circumstance misled,
“ Sincerely hath express’d.

“ But since *Edilda*’s heart has stoop’d
 “ To prize a vassal’s vows;
“ And nought but flight and bitter hate
 “ On worthy love bestows;
“ Let high-born *Edbald*’s better thoughts
 “ Her worthless beauties scorn;
“ And quick to heal his wounded peace
 “ To *Egbert*’s court return.”

The haughty Earl no answer gave,
 With rage his bosom burn’d,
With fullen shame and vengeance, while
 With *Galvan* he return’d.

With noble *Galvan* he return’d,
 And with *Edilda* fair,
Silent and sad : and at the hall,
 When all alighted were,

Each to a several chamber went,
 To ponder o’er alone
The various chances which the peace
 Of each had overthrown.

Yet not a heart in *Galvan*’s court
 But *Edwy*’s fortunes mourn’d;
Nor was there one but griev’d to see
 His haughty foe return’d.

And much they pray’d some stroke of fate
 Might still propitious prove,
To crown the sweet *Edilda*’s wish,
 And prosper *Edwy*’s love.

EDWY AND EDILDA.

P A R T IV.

BUT *Edwy*, who at *Galvan*'s word
Submissive left the wood,
Meantime to ancient *Hilda*'s farm
The well-known path purfu'd.

The well-known path his feet purfu'd ;
Not so his tortur'd mind,
Whose every thought intently dwelt
On what was left behind.

Ere long at *Hilda*'s door he stands ;
And while his rough disguise,
His haggard looks, and alter'd mien,
Conceal'd him from all eyes ;

Of *Hilda*'s Hind he humbly asks
If that her dwelling were ;
And feigns from *Edwy* to be charg'd
With something for her ear.

“ If aught to *Hilda* thou would'st say,
“ It quickly must be said,”
The Hind return'd ; “ for she will soon
“ Be number'd with the dead.

“ Struck fudden by the hand of death,
“ She prays but to survive
“ Till gallant *Edwy* from the court
“ Of *Galvan* shall arrive.

“ Nor is an hour elaps’d, or ere
“ A messenger in haste
“ She sent, to beg his presence here
“ Before she breath’d her last.”

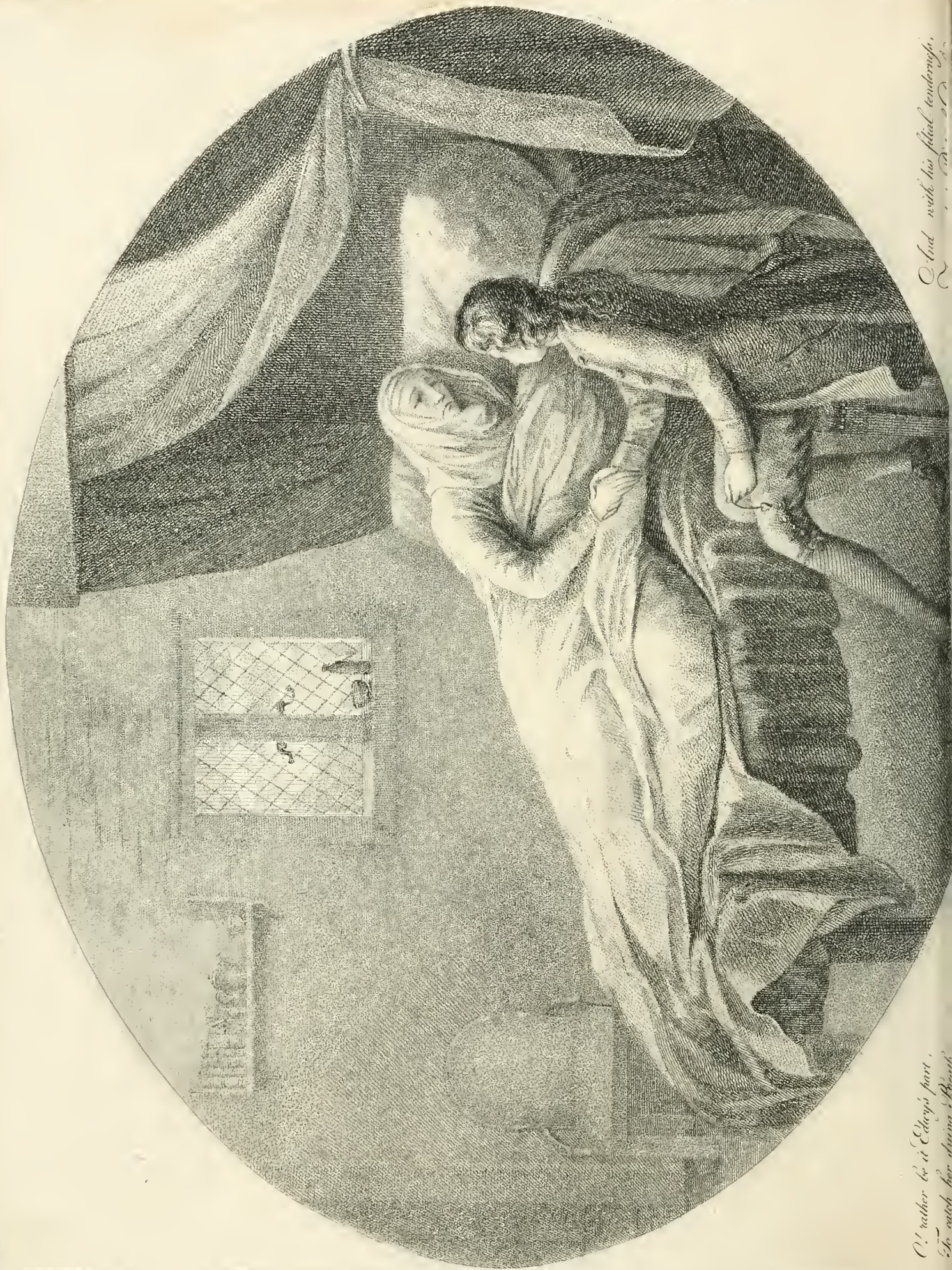
“ Lead me, O lead me to her bed !”
The seeming goatherd cries ;
While to conceal the bursting woe,
He muffles up his eyes.

To *Hilda*’s couch he led him straight,
And at his earnest pray’r
Before his errand was reveal’d
Retir’d and left him there.

Then while his streaming eyes he still
With his spread hand did shroud ;
And kneeling by the bed of death
His anguish sobb’d aloud :

The dying *Hilda* turn’d her eye,
And seeing him, did crave,
With feeble voice, “ What brought him there
“ And what with her he’d have ?”

“ O ! ’tis your *Edwy*, your dear son,”
He movingly replies,
“ Who in a heavy hour is come
“ To close a parent’s eyes.”



O! rather be it Edwy's part,
To catch her downy breath.

O! And with his filial tenderness,

Then her cold hand, bedew'd by death,
He softly, kindly preſt ;
Kiſs'd her pale lips, and laid her head
Gently upon his breaſt.

“ Welcome, thou joy of *Hilda's* ſoul !

“ Thrice welcome art thou here !

“ But wherefore in a garb ſo mean

“ Doth *Edwy* now appear ?

“ And wherefore have his haggard cheeks,”

She cried, “ forgot their bloom ?

“ Ah ! why this ſpectacle of woe

“ Doth *Edwy* hither come ?”

“ Let not my honour'd parent ſeek,”

The youth return'd, “ to know

“ What to the pains of this ſick couch

“ Would add a load of woe.

“ O ! rather be it *Edwy's* part

“ To catch her dying breath ;

“ And with his filial tenderneſs

“ To ſmooth the bed of death.”

“ Ev'n as thou wilt,” ſhe low reply'd,

“ And well it doth appear

“ Not to conſume in fruitleſs talk

“ My little remnant here.

“ Since ere my ebbing life is gone,

“ Fain would I have it known

“ To *Edwy's* heart, that *Hilda* ne'er

“ In *Edwy* had a ſon.

- “ Nay, start not thus, nor break my tale,
“ But calmly hear the rest,
“ Which long in secret hath repos’d
“ In *Hilda*’s cautious breast.
- “ Full twenty years are past and gone
“ Since to the bloody fray
“ *Ongar*, in aid of *Egbert*’s arms,
“ From *Hilda* hied away.
- “ Hied far away to Cornwall’s coasts,
“ What time the barb’rous Dane
“ Frighted her peace, and fertile fields
“ With native blood did stain.
- “ It happen’d from those horrid scenes,
“ As through a shady wood,
“ *Ongar* to seek our lowly home
“ One morn his way pursu’d ;
- “ Within its most secluded paths,
“ A dying wretch he found,
“ Gasht’d o’er with wounds, and in his gore
“ All welt’ring on the ground.
- “ Already did his pallid face,
“ Death’s ghastly semblance bear ;
“ And by a few convulsive starts
“ Life only glimmer’d there.
- “ Yet, ah ! the moving sight to see,
“ Close to his bloody breast,
“ Ev’n in the agonies of death,
“ His arms an infant prest.

“ Shock’d at the scene, my husband hastes

“ His succour to impart ;

“ And gently lifts the dying wretch,

“ And gently chafes his heart.

“ One little flash of life returns :

“ He lifts his languid eyes,

“ And thus, with lab’ring catching breath,

“ In feeble accents cries :

“ *Regard not me !—save the dear child !*

“ *For*—more he would have said,

“ But life, exhausted in th’ attempt,

“ A pause eternal made.

“ And let *me* haste, while breath remains,

“ To close the piteous tale ;

“ Left death in everlasting bonds,

“ My tongue, like his, should seal.

“ The lovely infant *Ongar* took

“ From its dead father’s side,

“ And tendful of his little charge,

“ To *Hilda*’s dwelling hy’d.

“ Most welcome he to *Hilda*’s arms

“ With the sweet babe return’d ;

“ Who a dear infant’s recent death

“ Incessantly had mourn’d.

“ And while he told its early woes,

“ I wept, and to my breast,

“ With all a mother’s yearnings, close

“ The smiling orphan press’d.

- “ Ev’n from that hour my heart for thee,
“ A mother’s fondest love,
“ Her tender fears, and anxious cares,
“ Hath never ceas’d to prove.
- “ And from thy kind, thy virtuous heart,
“ Hath *Hilda* ever known
“ All the obedience, love, and care,
“ Of the most tender son !
- “ But what thy hapless father’s name,
“ Or what his birth and state,
“ In vain to *Edwy*’s longing ear
“ Would *Hilda*’s tongue relate.
- “ Too soon again to Cornwall’s coasts
“ Fell war my husband bore,
“ And there my foster infant’s birth
“ He promis’d to explore.
- “ But ah ! no more these eyes beheld,
“ No more these arms embrac’d
“ The man they lov’d ! in prime of life
“ Ordain’d to breathe his last.
- “ Nor had my tongue from *Edwy*’s ear
“ So long the tale conceal’d,
“ If aught to bless, or sooth his heart,
“ That tongue could have reveal’d.
- “ And yet perhaps these lips ere now
“ Had told the piteous tale,
“ And from unconscious *Edwy*’s eyes
“ Remov’d the secret veil ;

- “ Had not I fondly fear’d thy love
“ For *Hilda* might decay ;
“ Or that thy steps, to trace thy birth,
“ Might wander far away.
- “ And oh ! forgive, thou generous youth,
“ If doating *Hilda*’s heart,
“ Her husband lost, from all it lov’d,
“ In *Edwy* fear’d to part.
- “ Yet though thy robe with clotted gore
“ And dirt was all besprent,
“ And had by some uncourteous hand
“ Been quite asunder rent ;
- “ This did the substance still declare,
“ That, nor of abject race,
“ Nor yet of scanty pen’ry’s stock,
“ My darling *Edwy* was.
- “ And round thy little wrist was bound
“ A curious braid of hair,
“ Which by a heart of precious stone
“ Was firmly fasten’d there.
- “ But when too big for such a band,
“ Thy growing wrist became,
“ I safe preserv’d this only pledge
“ Of *Edwy*’s birth or name.
- “ O ! may it prove in *Edwy*’s hand
“ A great auspicious light,
“ To chase away the envious cloud
“ That hangs before his sight !

“ O ! may the gracious Pow’r above
“ Direct his goings still,
“ Lead him to every earthly good,
“ And keep him far from ill !”

She could no more ; for Death’s cold damps
Upon her forehead hung,
Within her filmy eye he glar’d,
And mutter’d on her tongue.

Yet still upon her *Edwy*’s face,
While any sense remain’d,
She fondly gaz’d ; and still his hand
With chilly grasp retain’d.

Still did his tears and soothings soft
The pangs of death beguile ;
And as he pour’d his grateful thanks
For all her cares, a smile

Through the dread shadowings of death
Once more did faintly break ;
And when the struggling spirit fled,
Yet loiter’d on her cheek.

To her remains the grateful youth
The last sad duties paid,
And water’d with his tears the turf
That o’er her corse was laid :

Then from the scenes of former peace,
Determin’d far to stray,
And in some deep sequester’d shade
Weep all his life away.

- “ What has an outcast like myself,”
He cried, “ to do with men,
“ Whose int’rests and connexions make
“ This world a cheerful scene ?
- “ But *Edwy* from the ties of blood
“ Cut off for ever here,
“ To interest dead, a single wretch
“ Must on the earth appear.
- “ No dear connexions, tender ties,
“ In life he e’er can have ;
“ And from his woes can only rest
“ Within the silent grave.
- “ Then let the wretched orphan haste,
“ To hide his abject head ;
“ Lost and forgotten by the world
“ In some secluded shade!
- “ Yet still amidst retirement’s gloom,
“ For sweet *Edilda*’s peace
“ This tongue shall pray, and ask from Heav’n
“ No blessing but her bliss.
- “ And like a radiant angel still
“ Her image shall appear,
“ Tinted by love’s own hand, to charm
“ The horrors of despair.”
- With soft laments, and yearnings fond,
Thus *Edwy* onward past ;
And many a long and weary mile
With wand’ring footsteps trac’d ;

Throughout the day his journey still
By private paths pursu'd ;
And laid his weary limbs at night
Within some gloomy wood.

His weary limbs at rest he laid ;
But rarely to his heart,
Awake with woe, could balmy sleep
His needful aid impart.

Three tedious days and watchful nights
The hapless *Edwy* sped ;
Yet kenn'd not the desir'd retreat
Wherein to hide his head.

The fourth his feet a forest trod
What time the shades of night,
Just fall'n, were sweetly awful made
By Luna's sober light.

Within the deep and ancient shade
As slow he onward wends,
The silver regent journeying bright,
A gleam to guide him sends.

And through the branches, as by breaks,
Her rays serenely shine,
To the majestic wood they give
Solemnity divine !

All Nature seem'd in silence hush'd,
Save where the plaintive song
Of *Philomel*, to hail the moon,
Was heard the woods among.

The mournful lay, as on he past,
Sunk deep in *Edwy's* soul;
And for a moment from his griefs
His rapt attention stole.

But quickly with redoubled force
His bitter sorrows flow:
“ Ah! fancy not,” he cried, “ thy song
“ Pre-eminent in woe!

“ If *Edwy's* notes to *Edwy's* heart
“ Their accents but incline;
“ Thou'lt own, sweet bird, thy plaintive tale
“ A jocund strain to mine.”

He said; and sitting on a stone,
So sad, so sweet, did play,
That *Philomela*, charm'd to hear,
Forgot her humbler lay.

As *Orpheus* fabled was of old,
The tufted groves among,
To sit and charm the silent shades
With his melodious song;

So *Edwy* breath'd his melting tones
On the still ear of night;
Whose calmness wafted through the wood
Each note, with strange delight!

Till so responsive to his woe
He touch'd the mournful lay,
That melting on his own sad strain,
His spirits dy'd away.

From his faint hand the tuneful pipe
 Insensibly did part,
While heavy languor clos'd his eyes,
 And sicken'd round his heart.

Nor came the tranced spirits back,
 Till gentle on his breast
A hand he felt, while thus a voice
 Benign his ear address'd :

“ If sense be with the life return'd,
 “ That beats within thy heart,
“ Look up, sad youth, and to a friend
 “ Thy miseries impart.

“ For well this bosom is attun'd
 “ To sorrow's plaintive tone ;
“ And how to sooth another's woe
 “ Is tutor'd by its own.”

He said, and sigh'd. The tender words
 Touch'd *Edwy's* inmost soul ;
While wonder at the strange address,
 And awe, his mind control.

As to some hapless wretch new wak'd,
 Ev'n yet the pleasing dream,
Just fled, he knows not, or as truth
 Or fiction to esteem ;

So *Edwy's* senses scarce return'd,
 Confess'd a secret fear,
Lest the sweet sounds were fancy all
 That seem'd to greet his ear.

But doubt a certainty became,
And rev'rence and surprize
His bosom fill, as lifting now
His newly open'd eyes,

By the pale moon's soft streaming light,
That quiver'd through the wood,
A holy Hermit at his side
The love-lorn Shepherd view'd.

A fable mantle flowing large,
The reverend figure clad,
On which his long and silver beard
With every motion play'd.

As some bright meteor graceful hangs
Upon the veil of night,
So flow'd the waving ringlets down
With fullest honours dight.

Nor were the honours of his head
Inferior yet, I ween,
Whose plenteous locks full many a day
Had, by their whiteness, seen.

A spirit in his speaking eye
Chaften'd by sorrow fat;
And human kindness, sense, and truth,
Right fairly shew'd thereat.

His shape and height were of the best,
And in his graceful mien
A reference fair to better days,
And happier hours, was seen.

A dignity devoid of pride
Sat full upon his brow ;
And, spite of time, his comely age
A lovely youth did show.

Yet comelier had his years appear'd,
And on his reverend face
The furrows less, had pining grief
Not deepen'd age's trace.

His eye, with mingled awe and love,
Admiring *Edwy* hung
Upon the Sage, while mildly thus
Rejoin'd his graceful tongue:

“ Whence art thou come, thou youth forlorn,
“ Who this sequester'd shade,
“ At night's still hour, hast with thy pipe
“ So sweetly vocal made ?

“ But thou art faint, thy spirits much
“ By weariness oppress'd,
“ And bitter woe, require the aid
“ Of food and balmy rest.

“ To *Herman's* cave thy feeble steps
“ His fostering arm shall lead ;
“ And there thy wearied limbs shall rest
“ Upon his humble bed.

“ He doubts not but his tender care
“ Sweet solace may impart ;
“ Nor yet despairs, with counsel sweet
“ To ease thy lab'ring heart.

- “ For sure the veriest wretch must find
“ Some symptoms of relief,
“ To own a friend who knows to feel,
“ And loves to share his grief.
- “ Too well thy eye and haggard check
“ Confess corroding care ;
“ And yet believe, his keener touch
“ These deep-worn furrows bear.”
- “ Ah, no !” the sighing youth return’d
With warmth, “ there cannot be
“ Throughout the earth a wretch involv’d
“ In deeper woe than me.
- “ Yet, honour’d Sage, if aught on earth
“ Can soften *Edwy*’s grief,
“ From thy sweet counsel he may hope
“ To gather some relief.
- “ Thy generous kindness he accepts ;
“ And *Herman* ne’er shall find
“ That generous kindness thrown away
“ Upon a thankless mind.
- “ Yet what have I but pray’rs, and love,
“ And gratitude, to give ?
“ And what besides would *Herman* deign
“ From *Edwy* to receive ?
- “ Nor shall the fortunes of my life
“ Be hidden from thine ear,
“ If I have pow’r to tell the tale,
“ And patience thou to hear.”

He said : the while to *Herman's* cave
Their social steps were bent ;
And still on his supporting arm
The feeble *Edwy* leant.

And still the Sage, with soothing words,
Spoke comfort to his heart ;
Still to revive his drooping sprite,
Exerted every art.

Not long their friendly steps had trod
The mazes of the wood,
Or e'er, by Luna's trembling light,
The welcome cave they view'd.

Deep in a private dale that sunk
The towering woods between,
Scoop'd from a high and craggy cliff,
The lone abode was seen.

Nor yet unlovely was the rock,
Whose rugged sides were made
Gracefully gloomy, by a soft
Variety of shade.

From out its clefts the berried ash,
And flow'ring hawthorn grew ;
And there the trembling poplar's shade
Mix'd with the mournful yew.

And as their branches interwove,
Now here, now there, was seen
A mossy crag, that thrust its point
The motley shade between.

Full in the bosom of the rock
A crystal riv'let sprung,
And dashing down from clift to clift
Its white foam scattering flung.

By breaks the branches bow'ring o'er,
Conceal'd it from the eye,
Except that through the leaves, by peeps,
Its glimmerings one might spy.

The whole a shade more copious crown'd,
And proudly o'er the rest
An aged oak, with branches wild,
Exalted high its crest.

A gloomy yew of ancient date
That stood before the cave,
With ample honours to the scene
An added beauty gave.

Around its trunk a rustic seat
Above the turf was rear'd;
And at its foot the murm'ring brook
With shining face appear'd.

The shelvings of the secret dale
With wood of various green
Were cover'd thick, save where a rock,
Or slanting field, was seen.

Yet narrow were the fields I trow,
And little had to spare
For the white sheep that o'er their face
Sparingly sprinkled were.

Upon the heights the lofty wood
With gloomy honours wav'd ;
And still from every nipping blast
The shelter'd valley fav'd.

Charm'd with the calm romantic scene,
Which yet more pleasing show'd
As Luna silver'd all the dale,
While riding o'er the wood ;

The Youth exclaim'd, " How pleas'd could I,
" Within this private dale,
" With honour'd *Herman's* converse sweet,
" And meditation, dwell !"

" And here *shall* dwell," the Sage reply'd,
" If so thy soul incline ;
" And here well pleas'd will *Herman* be
" To mix his tears with thine :

" Well pleas'd will be, thou gentle youth,
" To listen to thy lays ;
" And court thy hand to close his eyes
" When death shall end his days.

" For kindred *Edwy's* sorrows seem,
" Kindred his soul to mine ;
" And through his griefs the genuine sparks
" Of heav'n-born virtue shine.

" Here, firm united by the bands
" Of friendship, we will dwell ;
" And think with scorn upon a world
" Fond mortals love so well.

“ Nor vice, nor pride, nor discontent,

“ Shall in this cell appear;

“ But peace, and piety, and love,

“ Shall sweetly flourish here.

“ Then enter in, a welcome guest;

“ And while thy lips disclose

“ Thy sad mishaps, my heart shall feel,

“ And, feeling, sooth thy woes.”

He said; and enter'd with the youth,

Whose weary drooping head

His hands benevolent repos'd

Upon the mossy bed.

And now with milk, and various fruits,

The table he prepares;

And *Edwy's* deep-dejected mind

With wholesome nurture cheers.

His strength recruited, soon the youth

Begins his tale of woe;

And shows, impartial, every cause,

From whence his sorrows flow.

Sincerely shows his inmost heart;

The while upon his tongue,

The Sage with tender sympathy,

And deep attention, hung.

But when to *Hilda's* bed of death,

He brings the mournful tale;

While he relates her dying speech,

The Sage's cheek grows pale.

Paler and paler now it grows ;
The while his heaving breast,
His trembling lip, and eager eye,
The lab'ring soul confest.

The youth with dread observ'd the change,
And made a sudden pause ;
Then tenderly of *Herman's* ill
Inquires the latent cause.

“ Ask not,” he cries, “ what rouses thus
“ A tempest in my breast ;
“ Pursue thy tale, my bosom throbs,
“ Nay burns, to know the rest !”

Amaz'd ! the youth his tale pursu'd ;
But when, to prove his birth,
He nam'd the bracelet, as his pledge,
His *only* pledge on earth ;

“ Show me that pledge !” the Sage exclaim'd !
And when the pledge *was* shown,
Upon his neck he fell, and cry'd,
“ Thou art ! thou *art* my son !”

“ How ! whence ! where !” — wild, the youth
“ Sure it can never be, [exclaims,
“ That hapless *Edwy* should possess
“ A father such as thee !”

Yet while he doubted, trembled, wept,
The Hermit he cares'd ;
Who clasp'd him close in speechless joy
Unto his aged breast.

“ O ! doubt it not, dear youth,” he cry’d,
“ Thou art indeed my Son ;
“ Nor yet a Father, such as me,
“ Shall *Edwy* blush to own.”

Then more compos’d he sat, and wip’d
The rapturous tears that fell ;
While thus to the astonish’d youth
His lips began their tale :

“ Well may’st thou wonder,” dearest youth,
“ At what a Father spoke,
“ When too intemp’rate from his lips,
“ The heat-felt transports broke.

“ But who, inur’d to long distress,
“ And long from hope confin’d,
“ Can feel the sudden burst of joy,
“ And curb his struggling mind ?

“ Yet long as sorrow on my soul
“ Its bitterness hath press’d,
“ My greatest joy will be to chase
“ Affliction from thy breast.

“ Nay, weep not thus, nor look aghast,
“ For sorrow now is o’er;
“ But listen while my lips unfold
“ A thousand joys in store:

“ A thousand joys, which all a dream
“ Had seem’d the hour foregone ;
“ But which thy panting heart shall soon
“ Sincere and poignant own.

- “ Know then, thou comfort of my soul,
“ That *Galvan*’s self to thee,
“ In point of wealth, must yield the palm,
“ And noble ancestry.
- “ Tho’ chang’d my name, yet know thy birth
“ From far-fam’d *Oswald* sprung;
“ Whose great descent, and pow’r as great,
“ Was heard from every tongue.
- “ Superior yet thy birth appears
“ Upon thy Mother’s side,
“ Who near to *Brithric*’s royal blood,
“ And *Egbert*’s, was ally’d.
- “ But what avail’d my *Thyra*’s blood!
“ And what her virtues all!
“ Ordain’d by barb’rous ruffians hands,
“ In beauty’s bloom to fall!
- “ Yet still her well-remember’d charms
“ Upon my *Edwy*’s face,
“ And still her manners sweet in thine,
“ A father’s eye can trace.
- “ Nine years a heav’n within her arms,
“ Did happy *Oswald* prove;
“ And five sweet infants did she bring
“ As pledges of his love.
- “ But at one deadly sweep, the loss
“ Of all, thy father mourn’d;
“ Though now in such a son as thee,
“ They all appear return’d.

- “ A castle fair on *Devon*’s edge,
“ Thy father lov’d full well ;
“ And there, withdrawn from busier scenes,
“ At times, was wont to dwell.
- “ Thither my lovely Wife retir’d,
“ What time, full many a Dane,
“ Invading Cornwall’s further side,
“ By *Egbert*’s arms were slain.
- “ These robbers quell’d, I eager fought
“ The scenes of former peace ;
“ Sought the fair meed of all my toils
“ In sweet domestic blifs.
- “ But ah ! too soon the heart of man,
“ To confidence a prey,
“ At fortune’s first delusive smile,
“ Casts prudent care away.
- “ Thus *Oswald* fearlessly repos’d
“ Upon his *Thyra*’s breast,
“ Nor dreamt of any rising storm
“ To ruffle his calm rest.
- “ One night awak’d from balmy sleep
“ Within her faithful arms,
“ A horrid clamour instant fill’d
“ My heart with strange alarms.
- “ Rushing from off my downy couch,
“ Quick to the hall I past,
“ Where trusty *Algar* met my steps,
“ With wild disorder’d haste.

“ His arm my little *Osbert* bore ;
“ And as my way he crost,
‘ Fly quick ! my Lord,’ he trembling cry’d,
‘ Fly quick ! or all is lost !

‘ The cruel Danes impetuous rush
‘ Upon thy guardian train ;
‘ And ere I ran to save thy son,
‘ But few were left unslain.

‘ The remnant doubtless of that force,
‘ Which late in Cornwall’s field,
‘ The royal *Egbert*’s gallant troops
‘ So bravely met and quell’d.

‘ Thence flying, they’ve surpris’d thy train
‘ Beneath the mask of night :
‘ But urge thy speed ! A moment hence
‘ May be too late for flight.’

“ He spake, and vanish’d from my eyes :—
“ Fell anguish rent my breast ;
“ Yet to my *Thyra* back with speed
“ My eager footsteps prest ;

“ Resolv’d on danger’s utmost brink,
“ Whatever might betide,
“ To save her life, or lose my own,
“ With honour, by her side.

“ But ah ! before my steps return’d,
“ The clamour caught her ear ;
“ And by a different way, too soon !
“ She fled, o’erwhelm’d with fear.

- “ Distracted I return once more
“ Unto the empty hall,
“ And there, with horror compass’d round,
“ Aloud for succour call !
- “ Nor call in vain, though most had fall’n
“ To silent death a prey ;
“ A few remain’d who heard my voice,
“ And hurried me away.
- “ But not to where the bloody Danes,
“ Through the long galleries pour ;
“ To stop the flood, or meet his death,
“ Their struggling Lord they bore.
- “ In vain I threaten’d, rav’d, and pray’d ;
“ Swift from the desp’rate fight
“ They bore me with a cruel care,
“ Beneath the gloom of night.
- “ And oft, in vain ! I anxious ask,
“ If aught of *Thyra*’s fate,
“ Or of my children’s, to my ear
“ Their knowledge can relate ?
- “ At last, when far from scenes of death
“ In safety I was plac’d,
“ Seeing the horrors of suspense,
“ My spirits widely waste ;
- “ They tell, with many a heavy groan,
“ That all my daughters fair,
“ And lovely *Thyra*, by the Danes
“ Most basely butcher’d were.

- “ But still of little *Osbert*’s fate
“ No knowledge was obtain’d;
“ And still to sooth my deep distress,
“ One ray of light remain’d.
- “ Yet, ’midst my anguish, great revenge
“ Within my bosom rose;
“ And *Oswald* swore he would avenge
“ His own, and Cornwall’s woes.
- “ Soon at my wish a gallant troop
“ Of warriors gather’d round;
“ And soon those spoilers of my peace,
“ The cruel Danes, we found.
- “ Upon their force my warriors rush’d
“ Impetuous as a flood;
“ And *Oswald*’s wrongs were deep repaid
“ In their inhuman blood.
- “ But still affliction pierc’d my soul;
“ And, like the stricken deer,
“ Where’er I turn’d, the deadly shaft
“ Did in my bosom bear.
- “ At length, to sum up all my woes,
“ While through this ancient wood,
“ Some skulking Danes escap’d from fight,
“ My valiant train pursu’d;
- “ Far in the shade their eager feet
“ The faithful *Algar* found
“ Stiff in his blood, a ghastly fight!
“ And gash’d with many a wound.

- “ In his clench’d hand a remnant still,
“ Though all with gore defil’d,
“ He grasp’d, of the remember’d robe
“ That clad my darling child.
- “ But vainly had their faithful feet
“ Explor’d the utmost round
“ Of the vast wood, no further trace
“ Of *Osbert* could be found.
- “ The heavy tidings to my ear
“ Reluctantly they tell ;
“ And with those tidings, from my breast
“ Each gleam of hope repel.
- “ For who could doubt my hapless child
“ Kill’d by the savage Dane,
“ Though his dear relics, through the wood,
“ Their care had fought in vain ?
- “ Sick of the world, where all my peace
“ Was at one fatal blow
“ Dash’d quite away, and nothing left
“ But unremitting woe ;
- “ For ever from the haunts of men,
“ My soul resolv’d to stray ;
“ And lost in solitude’s deep gloom,
“ Weep weary life away.
- “ Yet think not ’midst my bitt’rest pangs
“ One doubt within my breast,
“ One impious murmur, boldly rose
“ To combat Heav’n’s behest.

- “ I knew the wisdom of my God,
“ His mercy knew as well ;
“ And judg’d, to rouse me from my sins,
“ This weight of sorrow fell.
- “ And well religion’s lore had taught,
“ Not in a world like this
“ The heart of man should fondly rest
“ Its hope of lasting bliss.
- “ Submissive, patient, and resign’d,
“ I therefore kiss’d the rod ;
“ And by a deep repentance fought
“ To reconcile my God.
- “ Unto my noble brother now
“ A messenger I sent,
“ And only to his faithful ear
“ Disclos’d my fix’d intent.
- “ In vain his love and friendship strove
“ To sooth my tortur’d heart ;
“ In vain, from a resolve so strange,
“ Intreated me to part.
- “ My vast estate, and honours fair,
“ I trusted to his hand ;
“ And only crav’d such small supplies
“ As nature should demand.
- “ Then privately with him I fought,
“ In this deep forest’s shade,
“ A secret place, wherein to lay
“ With solitude my head.

“ For here I ween’d, in thy dear blood
“ Was seal’d my deep despair;
“ And therefore stealing from the world,
“ Desir’d to languish here.

“ Lo! to my wish, sunk far in gloom,
“ We found this calm retreat,
“ Which every thing conspir’d to make
“ For woe a dwelling meet.

“ Full twenty years are past and gone,
“ Since first his sorrows made
“ Thy wretched father’s heavy heart
“ Acquainted with this shade.

“ Lost to the world, full twenty years
“ In solitude I’ve spent,
“ Save that at times thy uncle’s steps
“ Have hitherward been bent.

“ By him in secret still supply’d
“ My little stores have been,
“ His hand the scatter’d flock bestow’d,
“ That feed the copse between.

“ And still his loving lips have strove,
“ Yet still have strove in vain,
“ To win me from this lonely cave,
“ Unto the world again.

“ How little did I ween that world
“ So hated, e’er would be
“ Again an interesting scene,
“ And full of joys for me!

- “ But far above our mortal ken
“ Is Heav’n’s almighty pow’r ;
“ And ours is only to submit,
“ To feel, and to adore.
- “ It chanc’d as at the fall of night
“ Attentively I stood,
“ Observant of the silver moon
“ That glimmer’d through the wood :
- “ Just at my feet she brightly glanc’d
“ With clear unusual light,
“ And something, sudden, caught her rays,
“ And sparkled to my sight.
- “ I curious stoop’d to learn the cause ;
“ But what was my surprise,
“ When this well-noted pledge of love
“ Appear’d before my eyes ?
- “ When thy dear mother, to my wish,
“ Produc’d a lovely son,
“ T’ inherit *Oswald*’s honours, wealth,
“ And blood of high renown ;
- “ O’erjoy’d, to deck each little wrist
“ A curious braid of hair
“ Her fingers wove, which ruby hearts
“ Both crown’d and fasten’d there.
- “ One bracelet from her flaxen locks
“ Like glossy filk did shine ;
“ The other braid her partial hand
“ Would needs collect from mine.

- “ Upon the back of each bright heart
“ These words engraven were,
“ In mystic characters ; *fond Love*
“ *And Joy have fix'd me here.*
- “ The well-remember'd pledge of love
“ Unto my lips I prest ;
“ The while a thousand tender thoughts
“ O'erwhelm'd my throbbing breast.
- “ Afresh I wept my *Thyra's* fate ;
“ Afresh I wept thy own ;
“ And on the ground, with new despair,
“ Distracted threw me down.
- “ But soon thy notes, so strangely sweet !
“ So mournful ! caught my ear,
“ That from affliction's self they stole
“ A wish to hush and hear.
- “ And as I hark'd, I long'd to know
“ What mortal 'midst this shade,
“ Its deep and unfrequented gloom
“ So sweetly vocal made.
- “ Thou know'st the rest ; for while I stole
“ With silence to the sound,
“ It ceas'd ; and soon I saw thee stretch'd
“ In swoonings on the ground :
- “ Too happy that my feeble hand
“ Assistance could impart,
“ And bring my *Edwy* back to life,
“ To bless his woeful heart.

- “ And sure this memorable night
“ My steps were led by Heav’n;
“ This bracelet surely as a pledge
“ Of coming joy was given.
- “ By this the answering pledge of love
“ More perfectly was known;
“ By this thy father was prepar’d
“ To meet and know his son.
- “ Nor haughty *Edbald*, proudly, now
“ His honours shall compare,
“ His large possessions, pow’r, or birth,
“ With *Oswald*’s greater heir.
- “ For still the flow’r of *Egbert*’s court,
“ The kingdom *Oswald* deem’d;
“ And *Oswald* still above his peers
“ By *Egbert* was esteem’d
- “ The lov’d companion of his youth,
“ And sharer of his fate,
“ What time in foreign climes he dwelt
“ From jealous *Brithric*’s hate.
- “ And noble *Galvan* well I know,
“ And often he has fwore,
“ That *Oswald*’s friendship he esteem’d
“ All friendship far before.
- “ But now ’tis meet thy weary limbs
“ Were steep’d in balmy rest;
“ And needful is the soft repose
“ That long has left thy breast.

“ To-morrow with the rising sun
“ Straight to my Brother’s court,
“ With new-born hope, and peace, and joy,
“ Together we’ll resort.

“ From thence to noble *Galvan*’s hall
“ A messenger with speed
“ Will *Oswald* fend, that he may learn
“ What fortune has decreed :

“ What fav’ring Heav’n has rather done
“ To bless a virtuous pair,
“ Ordaining who so lowly seem’d,
“ A pow’rful noble’s heir.

“ Nor shall thy heart from her it loves
“ A longer season wait,
“ Than *Oswald*’s heir can be prepar’d
“ To go with fitting state.

“ Beneath the rest at *Galvan*’s court
“ Thou hitherto hast been ;
“ But now exalted o’er them all
“ My *Edwy* shall be seen.

“ By that dear name thy father still
“ His long-lost son must call,
“ Since under that dear name he came
“ To end his bitter thrall.”

The reverend Noble ended here:

But who the joy can tell
With which the youth’s enraptur’d soul
Did on each accent dwell ?

Who the strong extasies can paint
That in his bosom glow'd?
Who the warm tide that from his lips
Of love and duty flow'd?

In vain his father's tender care
Had hop'd the balmy rest;
A thousand transports drove it far
From *Edwy's* panting breast.

And oft he question'd his fond heart,
And often felt a fear,
Lest all illusion was the bliss
That newly bustled there.

And oft he wish'd to urge the hours,
Oft sigh'd for morn's return,
Impatient that *Edilda's* heart
His alter'd state might learn.

Yet sometimes heav'd a secret sigh,
Lest *Galvan's* stern command,
Or soft'ning tears, her heart had bow'd
To haughty *Edbald's* hand.

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

EDWY AND EDILDA.

P A R T V.

BUT sweet the cares which love had blent
With joy, in *Edwy's* breast ;
Far other than the deadly pangs
That broke *Edilda's* rest.

Within her gentle bosom, hope
Withdrew her genial ray ;
And sorrow sat triumphant there,
And frown'd the smiles away.

Yet still amidst her deep distress,
Her self-approving thought,
To ward the horrors of despair,
Its lenient soothing brought.

And though she ween'd her hapless heart
With hopeless misery strove ;
Still virtue rose with every pant,
Though every pant was love.

Nor was her tender, generous heart,
In noble *Galvan's* court,
Of fickle fortune, love, and grief,
Alone the wretched sport.

Within the haughty *Edbald's* breast
A tempest fiercely burn'd;
And every motion of his mind
To wild distraction turn'd.

There mad'ning jealousy and pride
Still baffled all control;
Whilst love affianc'd to despair,
Shook, fearfully, his soul.

Full oft in bitterness of heart,
He curs'd the fatal night,
When first *Edilda's* matchless charms
Beam'd, dazzling, to his sight.

And oft the lovely maid he curst,
And curst her noble Sire,
For fanning in his kindling breast
Love's fascinating fire.

But curst his virtuous Rival most,
And, fill'd with fury, swore,
That dreadful vengeance on his head,
Relentless, he would pour.

Nay, madly ween'd, that when in dust
The blooming youth was laid,
Love might await the bloody hand
That mix'd him with the dead.

Nor did his dark suspicious soul
Believe *Edilda's* heart,
Spite of her vows, from what it lov'd
So easily would part.

The favour'd *Edwy* still he deem'd
Was lurking in the wood ;
And *there* to glut his vengeance thought
In his detested blood.

Four desp'rate ruffians he prepar'd,
Ere the third day was past ;
And basely hop'd the fourth should prove
His hated Rival's last.

Attended by his bloody band,
Sweet pity cast away,
He fought with execrable speed,
The wood, at dawn of day.

Deluded there, he raging search'd
Each humble cottage round ;
And what was *Hilda's* farm, at last
With cruel transport found :

For there he doubted not his soul
Its bloody will should have ;
And swore, an aged mother's arms
The victim should not save :

Yet equal conflict basely fear'd,
And to the ruffian's knife,
Within his heart ignobly doom'd
The blameless *Edwy's* life.

But Heav'n had otherwise design'd ;
And jealousy and rage,
With disappointment in his breast,
A mortal contest wage.

When seeking *Edwy* from the hinds,
Of *Hilda*'s death he heard ;
And that her son the morning past,
Had sudden disappear'd :

As some gaunt wolf, secure of prey,
O'erleaps the neighb'ring field,
But empty finds the fence that late
The fleecy flock had held,

So *Edbald* finds his prey escap'd,
And so with tenfold rage
His bosom burns, nor aught but blood
His fury can assuage.

Madly he roams the country round ;
But roams and raves in vain ;
No tidings of the hated youth
His keenest search can gain.

Wearied at length with fruitless toil,
His gloomy face he turn'd
To *Galvan*'s tow'rs ; from whence, I ween,
Not one his absence mourn'd,

But scarcely in the ample hall
His fullen steps appear,
Ere disappointment hastes afresh
To front and dash him there,

For loathing still the vows he urg'd
Her favour to obtain,
The sweet *Edilda* fought to shun
What scorn repuls'd in vain.

Some five short miles from *Galvan's* court,
Hard by a lofty wood,
Of mickle note, and mickle state,
A ponderous abbey stood.

The abbot *Aldric* rul'd within,
Great *Galvan's* uncle's son ;
For wisdom, holiness, and pow'r,
Throughout the kingdom known.

Oft from his lips the lovely maid
Had drawn instruction kind ;
And much he lov'd her generous heart,
And much her docile mind.

And oft he vow'd, when gentle peace
A sanctuary fair
Made her soft breast, in happier days,
From sorrow, pain, and care ;

That if the smiles of fortune fled,
The honour'd maid should meet,
Within his abbey's hallow'd walls,
A calm and safe retreat.

To seek this shelter, when the morn
Her blushing radiance threw
From hill-top high, and the last shades
Of cowering night withdrew ;

The sweet *Edilda* silent stole
From *Galvan's* portals fair ;
And long ere mid-day's sultry gleam
Was lodg'd securely there.

Soon to the holy *Aldric's* ear
The maid disclos'd her thought;
And show'd the cause why thus by stealth
The abbey's gloom she fought.

And much her virtue he admir'd,
Her spirit much approv'd;
In flying the proud man she loath'd,
And quitting him she lov'd.

Then warmly vow'd that *Edbald's* pow'r,
Nor *Galvan's* stern command,
Should aught avail, to force the maid
From his protecting hand.

But mickle well the fair-one judg'd,
Her Father's secret mind
To favour haughty *Edbald's* love
No longer was inclin'd.

For well she kenn'd *that* Noble's pride,
And passions unsubstid'd,
His jealous rage, and shameless thirst
Of virtuous *Edwy's* blood,

Had from her father's generous breast
Repell'd the wish, to prove
An union sprung of bitter hate,
And rough indignant love.

A letter now to meet his eye,
The lovely maid prepares,
Which quickly to the Baron's hand
A trusty servant bears.

These were the lines :— “ From *Edbald's* love

“ Resolv'd, at length, to fly,
“ Let not the act too heinous seem
“ In a dear Father's eye.

“ Nor let him judge *Edilda's* thought
“ Unduteous e'er will prove,
“ Because she shuns the haughty Lord,
“ Her heart could never love.

“ And what but deep, yet vain remorse,
“ What, but unceasing woe,
“ From vows constrain'd, could her sad heart,
“ Or noble *Galvan's* know ?

“ Nor has a tender Sire forgot
“ His oft-repeated vow,
“ That at the altar's foot his child
“ A victim ne'er should bow.

“ And well she knows his generous soul,
“ Since *Edbald's* jealous heart
“ Prompted his tongue and hand to act
“ So mean, so base a part ;

“ Has never with'd *Edilda's* hand
“ The sacrifice should be,
“ Of pomp and pow'r, which could but gloss
“ The face of misery.

“ Then let my Lord to *Edbald's* ear
“ His daughter's purpose speak ;
“ And say, in vain his will would strive
“ Her firm resolve to break.

“ Never from holy *Aldric*’s walls
“ *Edilda*’s feet shall stray,
“ Till the proud Earl from *Galvan*’s court
“ For ever turn away.

“ Then let him quick a sense of shame
“ And sense of honour prove ;
“ Nor hang, a baleful cloud, between
“ Her and a Father’s love.

“ How blest the day when once again,
“ On that dear Father’s breast,
“ His child may fondly lean her head,
“ And lull his cares to rest !”

Nor was the noble maid deceiv’d ;
Nor was her Father’s mind,
To favour haughty *Edbald*’s suit,
Still, as of late, inclin’d.

Nor did her flight displeasure move,
Nor letter give offence ;
Since to dismiss whom now he scorn’d,
They offer’d fair pretence.

Full well he read the passions foul
That rul’d in *Edbald*’s heart ;
And knew his soul had lately own’d
A much unworthy part.

For gentle *Edwy*’s candid lines
Had amply to his breast
The Youth’s transcendent honour, worth,
And gratitude express’d.

And while his cheek with transport glow'd,
His heart in secret swore,
It valued *Edwy's* noble mind
Each *Noble* far before.

And vow'd withal, the generous Youth
With joy, its love should own,
Were but his birth one step above
An abject vassal's son.

Alas! that pride in noble minds
Should bear so large a part,
And counteract the generous wish
And temper of the heart!

But outward circumstance, alas!
Hath power to witch the eye,
With whom the touch of frailty least
Bewrays humanity.

Yet much the aged Warrior wail'd
The unpropitious love,
That from his court, to want and woe,
The gallant Shepherd drove.

And more lamented that his tongue,
By passion overborn,
Dismiss'd whom most his soul approv'd,
With show of pride and scorn.

Nor yet in private did he fail
To seek the gentle Youth,
With fair rewards, and blessings fair,
For all his love and truth.

And of his own ungrateful heart
Did bitterly complain,
When the preserver of himself
And child was fought in vain.

For still its own severest judge,
The generous mind appears;
And when it errs, against itself
A dread tribunal rears.

To *Edbald* now her noble Sire
Edilda's flight reveals;
Nor from his heart her purpose hides,
Nor from his eye conceals.

But while her scornful lines he scann'd,
The passion who could speak
That flash'd within his rolling eye,
And burnt upon his cheek?

“ 'Tis well! proud maid, 'tis well!” he cry'd,
“ And *Edbald* shall return
“ Thy wretched scorn, and foolish pride,
“ With added pride and scorn!

“ Too highly honour'd! wayward fair,
“ Thy heart has been by me,
“ Which to a vassal vile could stoop
“ From all its dignity.

“ Within thy paramour's base arms
“ Thy base desires enjoy;
“ Nor tremble, lest my envious love
“ Thy pleasures should annoy.”

- “ Now, nay, Lord *Edbald*,”—*Galvan* cry’d,
And kindled as he said,—
“ Let not thy candour, honour, truth,
“ By passion be betray’d.
“ Nor hangs the mildew of reproach
“ Upon my Daughter’s fame;
“ Nor has the tongue of slander’s self
“ Dar’d fully her bright name.
“ Nor canst thou, Lord, of her deceit,
“ Nor of my own complain;
“ Thou know’st I wish’d thy vows success,
“ And saw them scorn’d with pain.
“ And well thou know’st thy tender cares
“ Were all too weak to move,
“ Within *Edilda*’s adverse heart,
“ The least return of love.
“ Could *Edbald*’s vows have won her heart,
“ Those vows had won her hand;
“ But the resistless fate of love
“ What mortal can command?
“ Yet think not so unworthy her,
“ Nor yet so base of me,
“ As once to ween our souls can stoop
“ To one of low degree.
“ Nor pitiless arraign the Youth,
“ On whose ill-fated head
“ A hopeless passion all its weight
“ Of misery hath shed.

- “ Though gratitude this truth demands,
“ That had a noble birth
“ His merits grac’d, the Youth had stood
“ Unrivall’d through the earth.”
- “ Curse on the specious villain’s art !”
The haughty Lord reply’d ;
“ And vain would *Galvan*’s glosing tongue
“ His secret purpose hide.
- “ Yes, abject Lord ! thy Daughter give
“ To this transcendent Youth,
“ This pattern of intrinsic worth,
“ Of tenderness and truth.
- “ But yet of noble *Edbald*’s foul
“ So little hast thou known,
“ To think it tamely will give place
“ To a vile vassal’s son ?
- “ No ! though I scorn the worthless maid
“ Whom late my soul ador’d ;
“ Though thy alliance much I scorn,
“ Low-minded, doting Lord !
- “ My outrag’d honour ne’er shall rest,
“ Till in the vital blood
“ Of him I loath, this vengeful hand,
“ I swear, be deep imbru’d !”

He fiercely said ; and furious rush’d
From out the ample hall ;
Whilst much the generous *Galvan*’s heart
His treat’nings did appal.

Not for himself the Noble fear'd,
For he ne'er stoop'd to fear;
But for the welfare of those friends
That to his soul were dear.

But plain he kenn'd the dark revenge
That lowr'd in *Edbald's* breast;
And knew his hand would joy to act
The deed his tongue express'd.

What, though he ween'd the gentle Youth
For ever past away;
He lov'd him still, and wish'd him far
From *Edbald's* wrath to stray.

Mean time, with anger in his eye,
And vengeance in his heart,
The haughty Earl from *Galvan's* court
Indignant did depart.

To *Erpwald's* castle now with speed
His furious steps advance;
From which they loiter'd had so long,
Withheld by wayward chance.

Mysterious Pow'r! whose mighty will
Can in one hour destroy
The structure fair on which we rest
Our every hope of joy:

Yet o'er the soul where virtue dwells,
Thy reign is short, I trust;
And there the Phœnix Joy shall spring
More glorious! from her dust.

But curs'd the heart, where life nor death
Her blessings can restore;
O! tenfold curs'd, where hope's sweet flow'r
Withers to bloom no more!

Proud *Edbald* gone, the tidings soon
The train to *Galvan* bear;
Nor were they, if I ween aright,
Ungrateful to his ear.

Nor sooner did the shades of night,
At morn's approach decay,
Than to the well-known Abbey's gate
The Noble hy'd away.

His presence soon with greetings fair
The holy *Aldric* met,
And soon with bashful eye he view'd
Edilda at his feet.

"Bless me," she cry'd, "my honour'd Sire,
"O bless your child once more!"
While down her cheeks the trembling tears
Of love and terror pour.

"Bless thee, my child? O that I will,
"While life remains," he cry'd.
And as he spoke, the tender drops
That dew'd her cheek he dry'd.

Then kindly stooping, by the hand
The timid maid he rais'd;
Who thus encourag'd, o'er and o'er,
Her noble Sire embrac'd.

But who her tendernefs, her joy,
Her gratitude, can fpeak ?
Who the fweet words, that from her lips
Of rapturous duty break,

When from her generous Father's lips
Of *Edbald's* flight fhe hears ;
And that no more his hated love
Shall fill her breaft with cares ?

And much the friendly Abbot prais'd
Edilda's noble foul,
That durft the mighty power of love
At duty's call control.

And pray'd, the lenient hand of time
Might cank'ring forrow chafe,
And freshly tint the rofe of health
That faded on her face.

Three peaceful days his noble guefts
With holy *Aldric* fpend ;
But on the fourth to *Galvan's* hall
Their journey back intend.

And now the fair adieus had paff,
And now the outward gate
Was open'd, that the honour'd pair
Might freely pafs thereat ;

When white with foam, a courfer near,
The company efpy'd,
On which a herald, trimly clad,
Impetuously did ride.

Lo ! at the Abbey's lofty gate
He lighted is full soon,
And quick as thought at *Galvan's* feet,
All panting, casts him down.

Then eagerly as breath will serve,
His tidings doth declare ;
And shows, how *Edwy* is become
The far-fam'd *Oswald's* heir.

But while the wondrous tale he told,
Th' emotions who could speak
That trembled in *Edilda's* eye,
And flush'd her Father's cheek ?

With him 't was pleasure and surprise,
Unmix'd with doubt or care ;
With her 't was transport beating high,
Yet dash'd with timid fear.

Unthought-of joys his aged breast
With temper'd feelings move ;
But her's with all the tumult throbs
Of extasy and love.

Could Nature bear the strong reverse,
And still her course maintain ?
She could not : blifs o'erstrain'd becomes
Intolerable pain !

Thick and more thick her sighs exhale,
Her pulse forgets to play ;
And in her Father's arms at length
She senseless sunk away.

But soon from Nature's friendly pause
The lovely maid awakes ;
And now of blessing's flowing cup
More sparingly partakes :

With chasten'd joy the cordial lines
Of noble *Oswald* hears ;
And as she listens, silent pays
The tribute of her tears.

And sure no sweeter drops appear
Within the melting eye,
Than those that spring at joy's soft touch
From sensibility ?

Forthwith to noble *Galvan*'s court
They deem it meet to haste,
Since *Oswald* meant to greet them there
Before three days were pass'd.

Yet to the Abbot, ere they go,
Their sacred word they plight,
That his bless'd hand in Hymen's bonds
The lovers shall unite.

Now spread the tidings far and near
Of *Edwy*'s alter'd state ;
Nor was there one in *Galvan*'s court
But greatly joy'd thereat.

For him they joy'd, but triumph'd more
For sweet *Edilda*'s bliss,
Which well they ween'd, thro' life, would be
By love involv'd in his.

And all with one consent agreed
The charming noble pair,
Each of the other through the world
Alone deserving were.

But who the yearnings fond could tell
Within *Edilda's* breast,
The hurrying thoughts, the nameless fears,
That pillag'd all her rest?

As on the silent minutes stole
That usher'd the glad day,
When fortune promis'd to restore
What duty rent away.

Yet though she wish'd the feet of time
Wing'd with the plumes of love,
And deem'd that since the world was made
He ne'er so slow did move:

Still as the hour, so wish'd, draws nigh,
New perturbations rise,
And chill and warm, by turns, her cheek,
And tremble in her eyes.

And oft she heav'd a generous sigh,
That wealth, and pow'r, and birth,
A grace obtain'd that still had been
Denied to better worth.

But if in expectation thus
Her lovely bosom beat;
What does it feel when she beholds
Her *Edwy* at her feet!

What pen the passions can describe
That thrill within her soul?
What tongue the transports wild declare
That all his pow'rs control?

Nor poor the blifs that *Galvan* tastes,
When warmly to his breast
The noble *Oswald*, lost so long,
With love sincere he prefs'd.

Quickly the story of their loves
Through all the kingdom went;
And through the land was scarce a heart
But shar'd in their content.

But most the royal *Egbert* joy'd
The wondrous tale to hear,
For *Oswald* joy'd, whose wretched lot
Had cost him many a tear.

And from his court the Monarch sent,
With speed, a message fair,
That mickle pleasure he should taste
To greet the Lovers there.

Now social mirth once more resounds
Through *Galvan's* crowded hall,
And all the smiles assembled there,
At pleasure's grateful call.

And while the Lovers o'er and o'er
Their tender passion tell,
Which melting looks and ardent sighs,
Love's language, spoke as well;

Their aged Sires, of former times
A thousand tales relate,
And trace, through all her mazy rounds,
The mystic pow'r of Fate:

Yet, now and then, amidst their talk
Their lovely offspring view'd
With mickle pride, and saw in them
Their blooming youth renew'd.

Where hearts were all so well agreed,
What need that ardent love
To Hymen long should sue in vain
His happiest state to prove?

Soon was the nuptial torch prepar'd,
And soon with bravest state
The bridal train fair issued forth
At *Galvan's* lofty gate.

Ah! who that morn the rapture high
Could paint in *Edwy's* face?
Who the soft blush that in the Maid's
With transports blended was?

So god-like Hector shew'd, I ween,
When to the nuptial bed
Andromache, in beauty's bloom,
He sweetly-bashful led.

In trim apparel, meetly rank'd
Upon their courfers fair,
A splendid train, with jocund looks,
Behind assembled were.

And still, as onward flow they pass'd,
The country gather'd round,
And bless'd their steps, and, loving, strew'd,
With fragrant flow'rs, the ground.

On either side the lovely pair
Their reverend Sires were seen,
Whose joy that morn, new grace to age,
New fire had lent I ween.

And now to *Aldric's* gate they came;
And as they enter'd there,
The holy Abbot met their steps
With many a welcome fair.

Quickly the Lovers graceful knelt
Before the sacred shrine;
And Hymen quick their willing hands
With gentle bonds did join.

For virtue mated sweet with love
In marriage, only knows
To wear and taste, without its thorn,
The never-fading rose.

At that glad hour, all words were vain
The happiness to tell,
Which only hearts so form'd as theirs
Could merit, or could feel.

Now from the holy Abbot's gate,
With many a blessing fair,
The bridal train rejoicing pass'd
In pageantry most rare!

Full in their way to *Galvan's* hall
There stood a pleasant grove,
Where every warbler sweetly sung
His little tale of love:

And here, before their steps return'd,
Had many a youth and maid,
With simple show of duteous joy,
The boughs with garlands clad.

And while the whispering zephyrs sent
Their fragrance through the air,
From sultry heat the bridal train
Was pleas'd to loiter there.

But most the bride and bridegroom joy
Such tokens to receive
Of humble love, and courteous smiles,
And praises freely give.

Yet more to please their honest hearts
A garland mickle fair,
The Bridegroom reach'd, and smiling, cry'd,
His bride the band should wear:

"More soft," he said, "than this sweet wreath
"Our gentle bands shall prove,
"Though never, like these drooping flow'rs,
"Shall fade our constant love!"

But whilst his hand the garland gay
Her white neck fasten'd round,
A sudden cry of deep distress
Made all the grove resound.

Pale with affright *Edilda* turn'd;
For much the fair-one fear'd
That in the cry the well-known voice
Of her lov'd Sire she heard.

Nor judg'd amiss; for as she turn'd,
In swoonings she espy'd
The aged Lord, and to his aid
With eager duty hy'd.

But ah! alas! she little ween'd,
Whilst, like some timorous hind
She sped away, the heavier ill
Her love had left behind.

For scarce she turn'd, or e'er a shaft
Too well directed! stood
In *Edwy's* breast, and trembled there,
And deeply drank his blood.

And scarce its deadly point he felt,
Or e'er the face appear'd
Of bloody *Edbald*; from whose tongue
This cruel taunt he heard;

“Accept, gay Bridegroom, from *this* bow
“With joy, *that* arrow fair,
“For by thy own *Edilda's* hand
“They *both* presented were!”

The sinking Youth these bitter words
With indignation fir'd;
While just revenge one flash of strength
Within his breast inspir'd.

On *Edbald* suddenly he rush'd,
As bafe he turn'd his head
To fly the grove; and by the reins
Reftrein'd his fiery fteed.

Then cried, as high he rais'd his hand,
“ Remember, treacherous Lord !
“ That when to *thee* fhe gave a bow,
“ To *me* fhe gave a fword.”

He faid; and in the villain's breaft
Plung'd deep the fhining blade,
Which found the paffage to his heart,
And mix'd him with the dead.

But little to the noble Youth
Avails his vengeance juft;
Ah ! what avails his haughty foe
Stretch'd filent in the duft ;

Since faft life's purple current ebbs,
And yet once more he tries
To feek his fweet *Edilda's* face,
But as he looks he dies.

Loud, and more loud, *Edilda's* fhrieks
Re-echoed through the grove,
While to her *Edwy* faft fhe flew,
By terror borne and love.

Alas ! 't was dread of this diftrefs
That riv'd her Father's heart,
As fudden through the fhade he faw
Bafe *Edbald* aim the dart.

Nor knew the Bride the work of fate,
Till to his hall with care
Her Sire, in deadly swoonings laid,
She bade the servants bear.

But seeking then whom most she lov'd,
Whom most she lov'd she spy'd ;
Yet ere her eyes that sight beheld
Had rather far have dy'd.

Ah! who could think her *Edwy's* face
An object e'er would be,
In her fond eye, of horror wild,
And deepest misery ?

But not alone at *Edwy's* fate
Her bitter sorrows flow ;
Nor she alone must claim the sad
Prerogative of woe :

Age joins with Youth at such a scene,
To wage a cruel war
With grief, whose all-relentless hand
Points firmly to despair.

And who can marvel that a heart
Awak'd from length of woe
To sudden joy, at woe's return
A deep despair should know ?

O! he that *can*, has never sure,
Like wretched *Oswald*, known
The loss of all his hopes on earth
In losing such a Son !

To *Edwy's* corse, with bursting heart,
The hapless Noble sped;
And wrung his hands in speechless woe,
And shook his hoary head.

Forthwith on either side the corse
With many a bitter groan,
The childless Sire, and widow'd Bride,
Distracted throw them down.

A thousand and a thousand times
The body they embrace;
A thousand and a thousand times
They kiss the pallid face.

A thousand and a thousand times
To speak, in vain they try;
Upon their wan and quiv'ring lips
The murmuring accents die.

But when within her *Edwy's* breast
Edilda scann'd the dart;
She frantic cry'd, "Almighty Pow'rs!
"This hand has pierc'd his heart!"

"O yes, his own *Edilda's* hand
"The fatal shaft supply'd;
"By which, far dearer than her life,
"Her lovely Husband dy'd!"

She said; and reckless what to do,
Or where to find relief,
On *Oswald's* bosom, o'er the corse
Reclin'd, and hid her grief.

Ah! then the piteous sight to see,
His reverend silver hairs
Hang o'er *Edilda's* faded cheek,
And drink her falling tears.

Around the late-gay bridal train
With solemn silence wait,
And weep alike the Mourner's woe,
And gallant *Edwy's* fate.

Still o'er the breathless, bleeding youth
The wretched Mourners bend,
While on the wan, yet lovely face,
Their streaming sorrows blend:

Still did they bend, still did they weep,
When with an angel's speed,
A learned Leech, from *Galvan's* hall,
Flew in that hour of need.

And though on *Edwy's* pallid face
He strove in vain to seek
The life-warm blood that us'd to stain
With vermeil hue his cheek;

Though on his wan, *wan* lips in vain
He fought the ruby pride,
With which the soft and swelling twins
Erewhile were doubly dy'd;

Yet in his *pulse*, at fearful pause,
Fond life yet, lingering, beat;
And in his bosom yet was felt
Its last retiring heat.

“ Be comforted ! for still he lives,”

The Sage, exulting, cry’d ;

“ O ! blessing, blessing on that tongue !”

The trembling Fair reply’d.

“ O ! blessing, blessing on that tongue !”

Exclaim’d the hoary Sire,

“ Which lights, once more, within my breast,

“ Sweet hope’s extinguish’d fire.

A sovereign cordial now apply’d,

Life’s dying flame revives ;

Though still, but by convulsive starts,

The noble *Edwy* lives.

O ! what was reverend *Oswald*’s joy

No language can reveal,

As o’er his *Edwy*’s cheek once more

He saw the crimson steal.

No tongue can tell the joy that rush’d

Upon *Edilda*’s soul,

As o’er her lover’s lips again

The warm carnation stole !

To *Galvan*’s court, with cautious step,

The gallant Youth was mov’d,

And watch’d with fond incessant care

By every eye he lov’d.

Around his couch, with silent foot,

Each anxious Parent crept,

And o’er him long, his peerless Bride

Alternate smil’d and wept.

For long, 'twixt life and death, the Youth
With frequent swoonings lay;
Till by the power of soft'ning balms
The shaft was drawn away.

From that blest hour with freer pulse
Life beat within his breast,
And riper roses on his cheek,
Returning health confest.

O! from his bright expressive eye
When now she glitter'd fair,
How did his sweet indignant Bride
The hated arrow tear!

On every eddy of the wind
A several wreck was borne,
And all its silver pride defac'd,
With mingled rage and scorn.

And oft, with fervour, on his breast,
She, trembling, kiss'd the scar,
And, like the dew-drop on the thorn,
Adorn'd it with a tear.

Long blest, and blessing all around,
Uncloying, and uncloy'd,
They liv'd; and long their happiness
Their noble Sires enjoy'd.

Long did their numerous offspring live,
Their country's boast, and pride,
And still *shall* live, while love, and truth,
And honour, shall abide:

For every brave and generous youth
Shall *Edwy*'s praises share,
And emulate, ye British maids,
That shining morning star.

A morning star *Edilda* shines,
Your wandering steps to guide,
That ye may trace life's wildering maze,
With honour's noblest pride.

As the coy violet lifts its head
Amid the vernal snows,
And, breathing lavish fragrance round,
With purple beauty glows ;

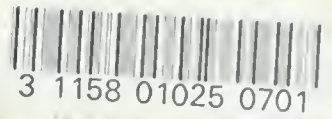
So may their honour'd memories live,
As fresh as in their prime,
And blush, and breathe their fragrance round
Upon the snows of time !

Ah! happy, whoso'er extracts
The honey from such flow'rs,
And with perennial sweetness decks
Life's transitory hours.

THE END.

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